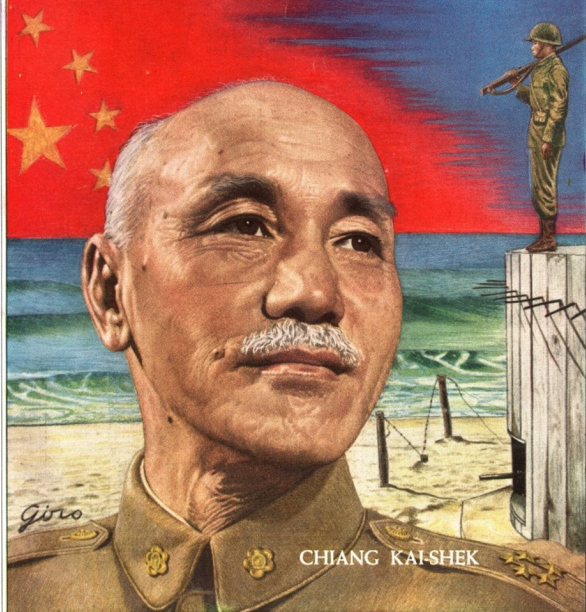


TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 18, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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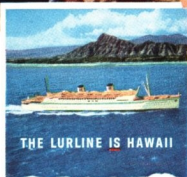
(ISSN: 0020-7179)

VOL. LXV NO. 16



JOHN FLORICA

THEIR LEI-BORNE WISH...
TO RETURN SOME DAY



For the finest travel, the **LURLINE**...
for the finest freight service, the
Matson Cargo Fleet... to and from Hawaii.

...speaks in this graceful "Aloha"
to Hawaii as they sail away on the *Lurline*

Legend says that if their leis reach the shore, their wish will come true. You, too, have a longfelt wish to see these isles of charming legend and tropic beauty. Make that wish come *supremely* true by sailing on the **LURLINE**... the ship that steepens you in the romance of the sea and crams your voyage with fun, luxury and fine living at no extra cost above your fare. Book round trip and double your travel pleasure... *it's twice the fun to sail the LURLINE both ways.*

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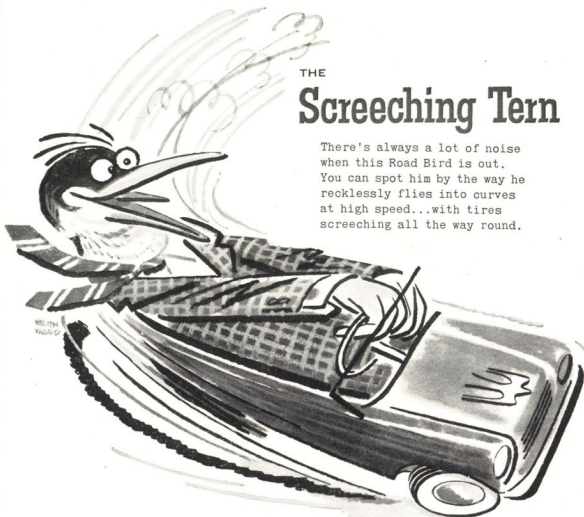
See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines Office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu. And book round trip on the **LURLINE**.

THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY

THE

Screeching Tern

There's always a lot of noise when this Road Bird is out. You can spot him by the way he recklessly flies into curves at high speed...with tires screeching all the way round.

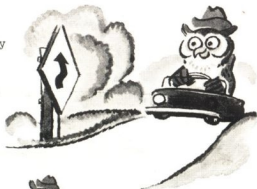


THE

Smart Bird

knows a curve sign really means "Slow Down!" And that screaming tires warn that he hasn't full control of his car.

The Smart Bird also does himself a good turn when it comes to buying gasoline. He always stops at the premium pump. That way he gets higher-octane gasoline for top mileage, performance and engine protection.

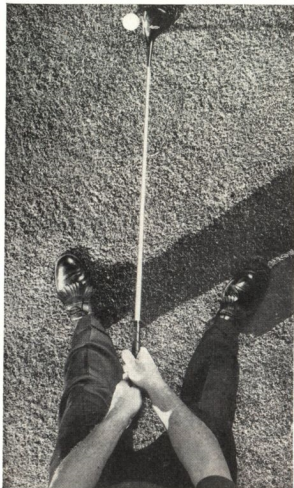


It's smart to use
premium gasoline



ETHYL
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FROM TEE TO GREEN....



Pros and amateurs by the score report

HANDICAPS REDUCED BY AS MUCH AS $\frac{1}{3}$!

SYNCHRO-DYNED® eliminates those wasted shots from "half-swinging" and "choking-up"! Gives you a uniform "swing-feel" with every club!

Every golfer has one club that's his favorite . . . the club that seems to work just right every time he uses it.

And how he wishes every club in the set were just like it!

That's just what Spalding has done! Spalding registered SYNCHRO-DYNED club sets are made together . . . balanced identically in feel . . . so exactly that they all swing like your favorite. Blindfolded, you couldn't tell one SYNCHRO-

DYNED club in a set from another. They're that perfectly matched in swing-feel!

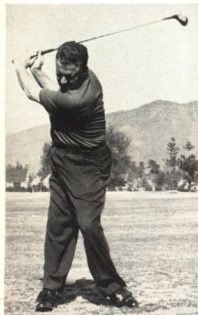
No wonder they're easier to play! You swing through the ball with confidence instead of varying your swing to fit ordinary unbalanced clubs.

You start getting more power and more distance. You repeat the same shot with uniformity and control. As the "guesswork" and the bad shots go . . . you get more fun out of your game. And, you card better scores, as well.

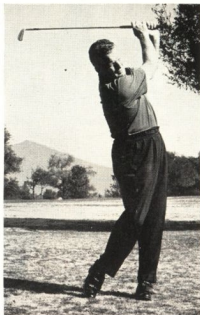
Try a round with these great SYNCHRO-DYNED TOP-FLITE® clubs. They'll do more to cut the strokes off your game than any other clubs.

SPALDING SYNCHRO-DYNED TOP-FLITE CLUBS

can really lower your score!



Teeing off... 2.6 minutes



Fairway and approach shots... 5.3 minutes



On the green... 4.1 minutes

YOU CAN PROVE IT WITH THE SPALDING "12-MINUTE TEST"*



*While you spend the whole afternoon on an 18-hole course... *only an average of 12 minutes is actually spent "playing golf"!* IT'S TRUE... stopwatch tests have shown that's all the time it takes to address and complete *all shots* for 18 holes.

These are critical minutes... and you must play them confidently and uniformly to earn a good score.

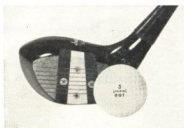
It's just good golfing sense to play those minutes with Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs... the best-balanced, most uniform clubs in the world.

Make the Spalding 12-Minute Test. Your pro has these new SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs *right now*. Prove to yourself that you're a better golfer than you think!

Scores of golfers have reported better distance, better shot control, lowered handicaps by as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ with these stroke-saving clubs.

Now! Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED TOP-FLITE woods are available in 1, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$... as well as the regular 1, 2, 3 and 4 woods. TOP-FLITE clubs are sold through golf professionals only.

*Play Spalding clubs and balls...
golf's most winning combination*



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now even more powerful...
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for greater comfort, Jaguar adds spice
to your life, fun to your driving!

*Note: Recently, a production model Jaguar
was driven 7 days and 7 nights...
16,851 miles at an average speed of over 100 mph.
Yet after this grueling test technicians found
it could pass new car inspection!*

JAGUAR

the finest car of its class in the world



*XK-140 Sports Roadster, \$3450 port of entry. Wire wheels, white walls extra.
Also, in Convertible and Coupe—now with 2 occasional seats in rear—and Mark VII-M Family Sports Sedan.
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\$10,000 MORE LIFE INSURANCE...

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Now! For those who need at least \$10,000 more life insurance—the new low-premium Whole Life policy that builds high cash values fast!

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And another important thing: Low as the premiums are, this new policy builds up *high cash values* quickly—equal to the full reserve after only seven years! That means you have a source of ready cash available for emergencies.

New York Life is a mutual company and pays dividends to policy owners only. The dividends payable on

this policy can be used to reduce premium payments or allowed to accumulate to increase the policy's cash value or applied under other available options. The low premiums, high cash values, and dividends combine to make Whole Life unusually attractive from a net cost viewpoint.

There are many other outstanding features about this new policy which make it most attractive for both men and women. It is issued to age 70. An applicant who may not be able to qualify for standard insurance for reasons of health or occupation may be insurable under this policy at a higher rate. To prevent unintentional lapse, it offers automatic premium loan for two consecutive premiums. At most ages policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at slightly higher premium rates.

If you have been telling yourself that you ought to have more life insurance to protect your family or your business—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent for all the facts or mail the coupon below, today!

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COUPON NOW!**

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Because you can't forget to dim, you enjoy a new peace of mind and the knowledge that your highway courtesy is automatic at night. As cars approach, lights switch to dim... then back to bright when traffic clears. And this is done for you—automatically! Cadillac, Oldsmobile and Chevrolet dealers feature the Autronic-Eye. Come in and try this new and safer way to drive.



Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corp., Anderson, Indiana.



AUTRONIC-EYE®

MAKES COURTESY CONTAGIOUS!

LETTERS

Think Control

Sir:

Your IBM article [March 28] is most provocative. . . [but] a few comments are in order: A computing machine is nothing more than a fast, accurate and very stupid clerk that can do nothing more than it is built and told to do. Clerks are useful, valuable and often necessary, but their functions are not awe-inspiring. It is more important to ask the right questions than to obtain correct answers to the wrong questions. Further, the value of a mathematician is not measured by his arithmetical computing ability.

R. D. TEASDALE

Erlton, N.J.

Sir:

... That Thomas Watson's "THINK" may sometimes fall down the wrong chute is exemplified by the IBM building on Place Vendôme, that marvel of 18th century Paris. Many Parisians have often wished that Mr. Watson had thought a little less when he decided to install his soulless machines right on Place Vendôme, where they do not belong and from which apparently he won't budge...

CHARLES I. MARGRY

Paris

Sir:

... I'm afraid I must be quite sadistic about the whole matter of "old thought control" (the television industry's nickname for IBM) and ask, if uncharitably, why doesn't the clock on its world headquarters here work on schedule? Perhaps a small gremlin with imagination has whispered in the ears of a regimented salesman or punch operator and said "THINK—how do I get out?"

MAUREN P. TOOMEY

New York City

Native Dancer

Sir:

I would be interested to know to what purpose you published the picture of Mr. Capote and Miss Monroe [April 4]. Perhaps

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
April 18, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 17

TIME, APRIL 18, 1955

TO DEMONSTRATE... A SENSIBLE WAY TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC BETTER AND ENJOY IT MORE

Will you accept without charge ANY ONE of these high-fidelity MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS

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 <p>Mendelssohn's VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR THE STADIUM CONCERTS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA Alexander Smallens, Conductor • Fredell Lack, Violinist</p>	 <p>Wagner's OVERTURES TO TANNHÄUSER and DIE MEISTERSINGER LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA • Norman Del Mar, Conductor</p>



ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work. The records feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction in this country and abroad. You listen to this performance first, or afterward, as you desire, and then...



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The demonstration record you select will be sent WITH DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY DEEMS TAYLOR... YOU WILL RECEIVE SEPARATELY A GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

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AS MY FREE DEMONSTRATION RECORD PLEASE SEND ME:

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☐ Mendelssohn's Concerto ☐ Wagner's Overtures

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Miss _____
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only all-chair streamliner daily
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enjoy

- "Stretch Out" reclining chairs
- "Big Dome" viewing of the colorful Indian Country
- Delicious Fred Harvey Food

only

\$ **55.44**

One Way between Chicago
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or San Francisco. Round
Trip \$90.15 (Tax extra).



you could try for a shot of Carson McCullers picking her teeth, or Tennessee Williams slipping on a banana peel. Is it newsworthy that Mr. Capote (who is a fine writer) is not a good dancer, or that he is shorter than Miss Monroe?

RAYMOND GLASCOCK

Lenox, Mass.

The Demon Rum

Sir:

Upton Sinclair has included my husband, W. E. Woodward, in his dazzling list of writers who traveled "to their graves by the alcoholic highway [March 28]." My husband . . . was one week short of 76 years of age when he died, and the death certificate gives as the cause arteriosclerosis, cardio-vascular disease, in other words, old age. To that I would add overwork. Upton Sinclair's family history is so tragic that it is natural for him to think that anyone who takes a drink is an alcoholic. And while we are about it, neither Dreiser nor Sherwood Anderson drank to excess.

HELEN WOODWARD

New York City

Sir:

No wonder Upton Sinclair can't get his book, *Enemy in the Mouth*, published. He still thinks of alcoholism in terms of "John Barleycorn," a term that went out, if I am not mistaken, shortly after the turn of the century. I bet that Sinclair still goes to temperance lectures on the Demon Rum and plays the ballad, *Father, Dear Father Come Home With Me Now* on the old piano roll.

BURLING LOWREY

Lawrence, Kans.

Sir:

It was surprising to learn from Upton Sinclair that Stephen Crane, the short-lived author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, is categorized as a tosspot. After many years of research into the affairs of Stephen Crane, I feel compelled to state that Crane's drinking, social or otherwise, seemed less than enthusiastic . . . Over a half century ago when *A Drelicet*, a short story by Richard Harding Davis, appeared, it was whispered among the literati that Channing, the more than generous newspaper correspondent of the tale, was actually Stephen Crane. Davis denied the supposed inference . . . I hope it is not about to be resurrected by Mr. Sinclair.

AMES W. WILLIAMS

Alexandria, Va.

¶ For further word from Novelist Sinclair, see below.—Ed.

The City (Contd.)

Sir:

. . . The unexpected cinematic view of my idolized city in your March 28 issue kindled my imagination, and my thoughts raced on to the time when I shall . . . see for myself this "City of Lights & Towers." In the far left corner of the Times Square picture are the neon words: The Center of the World. This alone could be the caption for the pictures. As a deep contrast, Mr. Strock's photograph of Central Park, void of lights and people, appears ethereal and peaceful . . .

MARILYN J. BROWN

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

. . . I loved the shot of Central Park, however . . . I had to gape with horror at the enormous waste being perpetrated on our city in the name of beauty. Smack down the center of one of the most people, congested, dirtiest islands in the world is this huge chunk of valuable realty making no contribution to the city at all—57 blocks long, several city blocks wide, just sitting majestic and very



The Telephone Pole That Became a Memorial

The cottage on Lincoln Street in Portland, Oregon, is shaded by graceful trees and covered with ivy.

Many years ago, A. H. Feldman and his wife remodeled the house to fit their dreams ...and set out slips of ivy around it. And when their son, Danny, came along, he, too, liked to watch things grow. One day, when he was only nine, he took a handful of ivy slips and planted them at the base of the telephone pole in front of the house.

Time passed ...and the ivy grew, climbing to the top of the pole. Like the ivy, Danny grew too. He finished high school, went to college. The war came along before he finished—and Danny went overseas. And there he gave his life for his country.

Not very long ago the overhead telephone lines were being removed from the poles on Lincoln Street. The ivy-covered telephone pole in front of the Feldman home was about to be taken down. Its work was done.

But, when the telephone crew arrived, Mrs. Feldman came out to meet them. "Couldn't it be left standing?" she asked. And then she told them about her son.

So the pole, although no longer needed, wasn't touched at all. At the request of the telephone company, the Portland City Council passed a special ordinance permitting the company to leave it standing. And there it is today, mantled in ivy, a living memorial to Sergeant Danny Feldman.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



From core...to score... golfing's greatest ball

new,
improved
**U. S.
ROYAL**

It flew to great new heights of popularity last year...and now the U. S. Royal is still further advanced—so good you have to play it to appreciate it!

U. S. Royal's exclusive Silicone "Magic" Center gives smoother, true-flight power, and it's electronically wound for perfect tension—precise, beautiful balance—the sweetest click in the game!

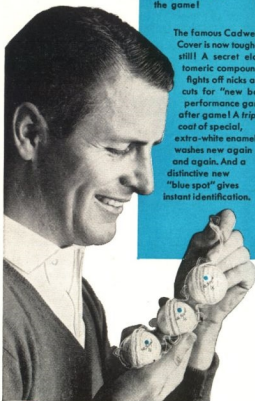
The famous Cadwell Cover is now tougher still! A secret elastomeric compound fights off nicks and cuts for "new ball" performance game after game! A triple coat of special, extra-white enamel washes new again and again. And a distinctive new "blue spot" gives instant identification.

2 cover designs, too...the widely acclaimed new U. S. Diamond-marked cover, or the popular dimple design...both U.S.G.A. approved. In new, improved Plasti-Guard package that keeps your U. S. Royals new, snaps open instantly.

U. S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS
at your pro shop

Ladies! There's a new Queen Royal tailored to your swing!

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK



idle while the city is busting at its seams looking for solutions to its space problems... What an ideal spot for a huge parking lot...

SY BERG

New York City

Sir:

So "model housing developments like Peter Cooper Village and Stuyvesant Town break up bleak gridiron of East Side slums"? What, I would like to know, will break up the bleak gridiron of these developments? Lewis Mumford was certainly right when he said that if we go on rebuilding New York on such obsolete patterns, we should merely be exchanging slums for future super-slums.

E. MORISON

New York City

Sir:

Looking at your night skyline of Manhattan, I was reminded of a poem that I composed some 40 years ago... I recall only two lines:

*Did ever a dream city rise from the sea
That was fairer, more fleeting and
fragile than thee?*

If you had asked me what the last adjectives meant exactly, I couldn't have told you. But now I know it was a poet's intuition of the H-bomb.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Corona, Calif.

The Yalta Papers (Contd.)

Sir:

The Yalta disclosures [March 28] should puncture the myth of F.D.R.'s infallibility... Any Democrat who tries to pin the tag "giveaway" on Ike's Administration should be laughed right off the podium.

CHARLES E. JURAN
2nd Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Chanute Air Force Base, Ill.

Sir:

Re Yalta: we are shocked to learn that our personal and national Santa Claus was a larger operator than we realized.

G. O. WILLIAMS

Sharon, Okla.

Sir:

One "unguarded moment" in the Yalta record I missed—when F.D.R. appeared at the door of the conference room shouting, "Tunis, anyone?"

M. J. PULVER

Chicago

Sir:

You say, "Roosevelt unhesitatingly" did this or that... For all you know, he might have stayed awake nights worrying... TIME is a Democraticarper, a Southeckler, a cynicritic, a journalmonster, and the loser of my picyayne business when my subscription expires.

NORMAN T. BROWN

Fort Worth

Sir:

... F.D.R. not only confused his enemies; he made them look politically inept in the eyes of the world. Their hope was that they could hew him down to their own pigmy size, but he died while still towering over them, loved by millions, and respected by multitudes...

F. S. DONN

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

The Church & Margaret

Sir:

The March 21 article on Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend once more focuses our



PROTECTING YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU KNOW



Putting a new roof over your head... fast

DISASTERS OCCUR ALL TOO FREQUENTLY—without warning—from fire, explosion or windstorm. No one knows where or when they will strike. The next one may hit your home. Then you will need help—fast. The capital stock fire insurance companies are ready for just these emergencies. Adjusters are rushed to the disaster to speed up claim payments. Through this "Catastrophe Plan," your capital stock fire insurance company gives you immediate aid so you can quickly re-

build your home, start up business anew and be back on your feet—fast.

Protecting you is our business. Don't take chances—make sure you're protected against loss by fire, explosion and windstorm. You safeguard your health by seeing your doctor and dentist. You can be equally sure you're adequately protected against fire and other disasters by seeing another specialist regularly—your insurance agent or broker. This protection, too, is necessary for your sense of security.

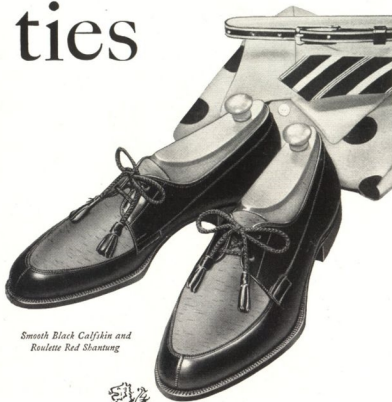
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Fashioned to keep elegant company with Bermuda shorts, silk suits, doeskin slacks, etc. . . in town or country. NEW and NOTEWORTHY mating of shantung and leather—cool, comfortable—carrying into your footwear the current style emphasis on strong color contrast in men's clothing.

No excess baggage here! Low lines, just two eyelets . . . they look, and feel, wonderfully light and spry afoot. Six variations to choose from*—see them, at leading stores most everywhere. About \$23.95, slightly higher Denver, West.

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Smooth Charcoal Brown Calf—Charcoal Brown Shantung
Soft Grain Charcoal Brown Calfskin • Soft Grain Black Calfskin

OTHER STETSON SHOES ARE PRICED FROM \$18.95 TO \$42.50

attention on the logical absurdities which Anglicanism gets itself into these days. Elizabeth, as "head of the church," cannot officially approve of Margaret's marriage to a divorced man (presumably because such marriages violate the law of God), although, according to other Anglican authorities, she might approve of it as "big sister" (presumably because such marriages do not violate the law of God). Nor, in this same anomalous situation, can the Archbishop of Canterbury approve the marriage (presumably because such marriages violate the law of God), even though he may "readmit her to Communion after a decent interval" (presumably because such marriages do not violate the law of God) . . . It is certainly to be noted that the English Church of 1533 tended to uphold the laws of God a little more briskly than does the modern English Church . . .

(THE REV.) ROBERT J. STOWE, S.J.
Los Gatos, Calif.

Ladies at Lambeth

Sir:

If the Archbishop of Canterbury is departing for East Africa with the lady pictured as his "wife" [April 4], this is news! Especially, it must have come as quite a shock to the



International; James F. Coyne
MISS FORMAN MRS. FISHER

real Mrs. Fisher, for I believe the charming lady in your photograph is Miss M. C. Forman. Miss Forman is the warden of Lambeth Palace—the London headquarters of His Grace, the Archbishop.

(THE REV.) J. F. H. GORTON
St. Matthew's Church
Horseheads, N.Y.

¶ Reader Gorton is right; Miss Forman is also a sister of the Archbishop's wife. (See cuts.)—Ed.

Culture on the Newsstand

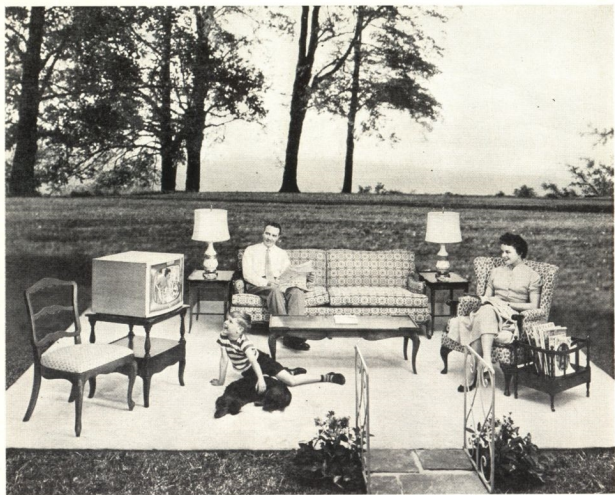
Sir:

Your article "Respectable Paperbacks" [April 4] implies that quality starts at 95¢ in paperback books and reaches 1,500 bookshops. Actually, quality begins at 25¢, reaching 100,000 newsstand outlets, most of them in towns without a bookshop. I cannot believe that TIME would want . . . to imply that paperback books on the newsstands are not respectable.

The truth of the matter is that the real pioneering in making high-quality books available at a low price has been largely that of our company, to some extent reinforced by our competitors, particularly Pocket Books . . . We have sold not tens of thousands but millions of copies of Homer, Dante and other classical, scholarly and important contemporary writers through tens of thousands of outlets . . .

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT
Chairman and Editor

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He managed to

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Better Homes
and Gardens

stay quite a while



NO WONDER it was big news in a town when the limner arrived.

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* * *

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No wonder our advertisers continuously report amazing responses—both immediate and long-pull—to their messages in Better Homes and Gardens.

No wonder more and more advertisers—faced with increased competition and increased buyer resistance to any but the hardest, keenest advertising and sales effort—are making Better Homes and Gardens their No. 1 advertising medium.

They like a magazine that manages to stay a while—and in 4,000,000 homes.

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MISCELLANY

Daddy Will Pay. In Tokyo, when he returned home after a day's work, Restaurant Owner Shizumasa Saito found two burglars waiting, was robbed of \$420, discovered that in his absence they had bathed his twelve-year-old son and tucked him carefully into bed.

Fine Print. In Victoria, B.C., members of the public-library board wondered how to meet the conditions of the will of Benjamin William Pearce, who left them 175 valuable volumes on condition that "they be accessible only to people with clean hands who will use them as they deserve."

Speaking Frankly. In Milwaukee, after sheriff's deputies found him drunk in his parked car, bandaged his bloody nose, moved the car to a parking lot, turned on the heater and extracted a promise from him not to drive until sober, Morritz Lamberty drove 150 feet to a new parking place, was arrested and fined \$150, explained: "When you're drinking, you're not always as smart as you ought to be."

Coin of Vantage. In Mt. Morris, N.Y., Mayor Craig Shurtleff sought re-election, wound up in a tie with Serafine La Delfa, sadly agreed to resign after Village Board Trustee Ray Brady flipped a coin and declared La Delfa the winner.

Battle Tested. In Lewiston, Idaho, a second woman's organization to promote harmony in the Democratic Party was organized after a disagreement split the first one in two.

Honored in the Breach. In Pineville, La., after listening to Mrs. Nona Vance's charge that Handyman Elmer A. Gallipau had failed to paint her house and Gallipau's countercharge that the hair-restorer treatments she gave him in payment had failed to grow hair, Judge Jack Holt called it a draw, assessed both equal shares of the court costs.

Deviate. In Shanghai, after he had tried to win two girls by posing as a wealthy capitalist, Lo Heng was judged "hopelessly corrupted," expelled from the Communist Party.

Fluid Assets. In Tokyo, Jokichi Tomoda, 81, dean of Japanese pickpockets, settled down in jail after his 37th arrest, explained why he had never opened a bank account: "Everybody walking the streets is a prospective bank to draw money on."

Vane Effect. In Wilmington, N.C., charged with drunkenness the day after he had been convicted of drunkenness and ordered to leave town, John Cartwright, 50, explained: "Every time I raised my good leg off the ground, the wind would come and spin me around; I had to take a drink to steady myself."

Cadillac



They'll Take The Cadillac Tonight !

This, as you can see, is a very special occasion. And so we feel certain that—having a choice—they'll take the Cadillac tonight!

And what a happy choice it will be!

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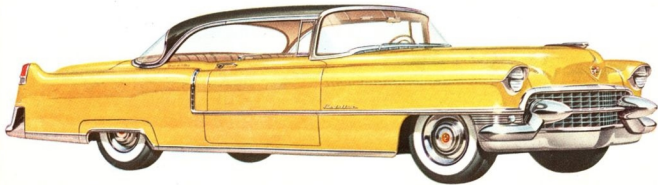
And how rested and relaxed! For a Cadillac is so wonderful to ride in and drive that they are certain to reach their

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Yes, they'll take the Cadillac tonight. But this is not to imply that a Cadillac gets the call only for special occasions. On the contrary, the car is such a joy to utilize that it is invariably the family favorite for *every* journey.

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TIME

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TIME, APRIL 18, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK appears this week on TIME's cover for the tenth time—often than any other living man. Only the Generalissimo's archenemy, the late JOSEPH STALIN, had been a TIME cover subject so often. Run-

S. J. Woolf

Gimo



CHIANG KAI-SHEK (1927 & 1955)

ners-up: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, nine times; former PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR and the late FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, eight each.

Chiang was first portrayed on the cover in 1927 as a grave young Nationalist leader and heir to Dr. SUN YAT-SEN. His goal today is the same as it was then: the unification of all China. To put the goal in geographic perspective, TIME illustrates the story with graphic four-color maps of Formosa, mainland China in panorama, and an azimuthal equidistant projection (Cartographer R. M. Chapin Jr.'s jawbreaking term for it) of the Generalissimo's target, Red China.

WHILE the fate of Chiang and China hinged on decisions in Peking and Washington, Sir Winston, keeping a firm rein on his own fate, resigned—just when TIME said he would (TIME, April 4). Knowing that the Prime Minister had wavered in his decision for almost a year, I asked our London Bureau how it had been so sure of the date in advance. "On March 9, I had a drink with a politician I trust, and he told me the decision had been taken, that Churchill would resign in the first week of April," cabled Bureau Chief Andre Laguerre, with a newsman's reticence about his sources. He had, of course, other pipelines, and although a well-known London editor offered to bet that Churchill would stay on the job, Laguerre confidently passed the word to our editors in New York.

As the "Gimo" and the Prime Minister enacted their historical roles, that sturdy character, the American taxpayer, was performing an annual spring rite. All over the U.S., men and women of varying degrees of substance were taking pen and fate into their own hands and calculating how much or how little of that substance must pass to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Tax Time (NATIONAL AFFAIRS) has some faintly promising news for 60 million Americans.

Cordially yours

James A. Linen

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650-16	6	1290	1420	10%
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- **Armstrong's Exclusive "Stone Ejector Grooves"**
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... you have Inco Nickel in the
heating units of your electric range

Here's a Family that knows the secret of speed cooking: an electric range and Inco Nickel.

On this range — for quick, clean, steady heat — Inco Nickel is in the heating units, the parts that get red hot on the double-quick when the range is turned on.

**It's in the heating units
in two forms and two places**

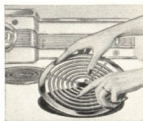
The heating element inside these units, the hidden wire that turns electricity into heat, is a Nickel Chromium alloy. This metal heats up fast and resists high temperature corrosion.

And the protective sheathings for this wire — these are other Nickel Alloys, such as Inconel and Incoloy.

Thanks to these Nickel Alloys, the sheathing (the coils that glow a

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Whether you're interested in speed cooking or not, you'll enjoy reading "The Romance of Nickel." This take-you-behind-the-scenes, 65-page booklet will show you why Inco Nickel has come to be called "Your Unseen Friend." Write for a free copy. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 82d, New York 5, N. Y.



**With Inco Nickel in them ...
metals perform better, longer!**

Here's what this friendly metal does for the heating coils in electric ranges: it helps them hold strength at high temperatures, transmit heat quickly, makes them long-lasting and easy to clean.

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Inco Nickel ... Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

TIME, APRIL 18, 1955

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Tax Time

To confirm the poet's choice of April as the cruellest month, 60 million Americans have by this week signed their 1954 income-tax forms. Most of them signed away more than they paid during the year for bread or meat, or gave to charity, or lost in gambling, or have any reasonable hope of saving this year.

They did this, wonderful to tell, without riots of protest or direct coercion of the bastinado or bayonet kind. In the free U.S., anybody can speak his mind against the income tax. Few spoke loud enough to be heard.

Even the old March 15 jokes failed to carry over to the new deadline of April 15. Back in the 1930s, when Actress Carole Lombard, following the lead of a Supreme Court justice, said that she liked to pay taxes, there was an almost audible national gasp. But familiarity breeds consent. It has become more and more unfashionable to criticize the income-tax level. A psychology professor, Richard J. Dowling of Holy Cross College, has gone farther than Miss Lombard or Justice Holmes; they had merely expressed a personal pleasure in paying taxes. Dowling raised it to a maturity rite by pronouncing as follows: "Repugnance to tax collectors is a persistent infantilism."

After that, the reluctant taxpayer can only hitch up his rompers and turn John

Hampden's picture to the wall. The political history of Western civilization used to be considered as largely a matter of resistance to taxes. But now old Wat Tyler and Sam Adams go back to their cribs while the mature American faces taxes with a confident smile.

Who Pays What? But even in this mirage of the millennium a serpent slinks. There is discontent—of a kind most interesting to moralists—about the income tax. Internal Revenue Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews, a thoughtful man, has put it well. Asked if people really objected to paying taxes, he said that they did not, so long as they thought they were treated fairly in relation to other taxpayers.

This puts the Government in the position of being able to exploit the taxpayers' envy of each other. No longer do the taxpayers ask the unifying question: How much should we pay? They ask: Who should pay what? All modern tax debates, including the one just concluded, turn on this point. And the new U.S. tax law reflects the principle of envy. If the new long form for computing taxes is even more complex than the old, it should not be blamed upon bureaucratic obscurantism; it rises from the enormous pressure from taxpayer groups to correct particular inequities. Hard cases make bad law. Year by year the fungus of hard cases (working mother, annuitants, double-taxed dividend recipients) encrusts the incoming

tax and leads the Government against its will deeper and deeper into the private lives of its citizens.

This has been the steady trend for two generations. Can a counter-trend be detected? Not in the expectable places. A recent issue of a weekly business newsletter said that its authors had made the rounds of Washington lobbyists in an effort to find where the pressures were on taxes. The common denominator of lobby policy: opposition to any reduction in the personal income tax. The reason: the lobbyists assume that any cut in the personal income tax would be replaced by higher taxes on business.

Something Wrong? In the absence of sharp, organized opposition, the U.S. income tax remains a marvel of invulnerability, unique in the long and often bitter history of taxation. Never was so much collected from so many with so little protest.

But there is a chance that even the income tax is subject to the change that affects all things terrestrial. A counter-trend is building up—in the last place to look for it.

Treasury officials, looking ahead, suspect that the day will come when a large part of the personal income tax will be replaced by transaction or value-added taxes. Coleman Andrews worries over the enormous machinery required for fair, efficient enforcement of the present law. He notes that 12 million taxpayers last



COLLECTING TAXES IN EGYPT (CIRCA 2000 B.C.)
Familiarity breeds consent.



THE PRESIDENT & PASTOR*
At Eastertime, a pause for counsel.

Associated Press

year (and probably 15 million this year) sought help from his office in filling out their forms. Andrews says: "There is something wrong with any law that causes that many people to quit their jobs and spend a day trying to find out how to comply." Something is also wrong, he thinks, when it takes 51,000 people to see that the taxpayers comply.

Other Treasury officials worry about the impact of present income-tax levels on the structure of U.S. society, which they regard as much more serious than the difficulties of administration. One secondary effect of progressive income-tax rates was supposed to be the leveling down of great fortunes. This did not happen. There are scores of millionaires in the U.S. today for every one at the time the income tax was started in 1914. But a lot of unexpected secondary effects appeared—the expense-account society, for instance. Among some Washington tax theorists, there is talk of a basic survey of the whole tax structure.

If there is ever a substantial cut in the personal income tax, it is likely to come, not because of resistance by the payers, but because of concern on the part of the collectors. That never happened before, but the U.S. is a great country for firsts.

Meanwhile, the taxpayer, seeking to avoid Professor Dowling's tag of infantilism, will take what comfort and maturity he can find from the late Oliver Wendell Holmes's remark that "taxes are what we pay for civilized society." In the contemporary scene purchasable civilization means, mostly, defense against the Communist world revolution. The freedom to be defended is priceless, which is one of the reasons why argument about the price has abated.

THE PRESIDENCY

Worth Waiting For

One noon last week the President said, "I've been waiting a long time for this," reached across the brown blotter on his desk for a pen, and signed his name to the bottom right-hand corner of the last page of a blue leather-bound book. Then he handed the Paris accords to John Foster Dulles, who signed in the lower left-hand corner. Beaming, the President added, "Here are the two offspring of the treaty," and signed two more papers before handing them to his Secretary of State. The three documents granted West Germany sovereignty, ended the Allied occupation, approved West Germany as the 15th NATO nation, and authorized U.S. troops to remain in West Germany. Said the President: "This is the biggest treaty signing I've ever had."

While more than 25,000 Easter-week sightseers trooped through the White House without seeing the President, he also:

☐ Appeared before movie cameras in the Rose Garden to record a message to Sir Winston Churchill: "We shall never accept the thought that we are to be denied your counsel, your advice. Out of your great experience, your great wisdom and your great courage, the free world yet has much to gain."

☐ Received a resolution from the Pennsylvania state legislature welcoming his intention to become a voting resident at his farm near Gettysburg. His former voting address: Columbia University, 60 Morningside Drive, New York.

☐ Accepted gold season passes for himself

* The Rev. Edward L. R. Elson.

and Mamie from Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, who has presented passes to every President from William Howard Taft on.

☐ Made plans to return to West Point this June for the first time since he became President. It will be the 40th reunion of his class (1915). Classmates include General James A. Van Fleet, General of the Army Omar N. Bradley and Lieut. General George E. Stratemeyer.

☐ Agreed, for no apparent reason other than Sweden's request, to revive a commission to preserve peace between Sweden and the U.S., which was set up in 1914 by Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan and forgotten since 1944, when the U.S.-appointed neutral member of the commission, Albert Auguste Gabriel Hanotaux of France, died. The President named French Historian André Siegfried (*America Comes of Age*), 79, as the U.S.-appointed neutral representative.

☐ Called off his press conference and packed to leave for a ten-day holiday in Augusta.

☐ Revealed that a Cleveland firm of consulting engineers was at work on plans to provide adequate office space for the White House staff. One probable improvement: an auditorium in which to meet the press and other large groups.

☐ Attended Easter services at the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, while Mrs. Eisenhower remained at Gettysburg.

THE CONSTITUTION

Anniversary Action

Of the 22 amendments to the U.S. Constitution, one of the most disputed is the 14th, which guarantees all persons "equal protection of the laws." A post-Civil War effort by Republicans to assure full civil rights for Negroes, it won no Democratic votes in Congress and only one in all of the state legislatures. It was ratified by Southern states in the Reconstruction period only because the Federal Government controlled them, and its principle has been widely ignored in the South ever since. Three states—Oregon, New Jersey and Ohio—ratified it and then tried to rescind their action, but Congress held that they could not. Three other states—Maryland, Kentucky and California—have never ratified it.*

Last month, fourscore and eight years from the day that the Maryland Legislature considered and rejected the 14th, Baltimore Lawyer Harry A. Cole, 34, the first Negro state senator in Maryland history, introduced a resolution to ratify the amendment. The senate's judicial proceedings committee promptly voted against the resolution, on the ground that it would be a futile gesture. Said the committee: the 14th Amendment, having been approved by three-fourths of the

* Only one constitutional amendment, the 20th (to begin the President's term on Jan. 20 instead of March 4 and to eliminate the Lame-Duck Congress), has ever been ratified by all 48 states.

states, is the law of the land, and what the Maryland senate does will make no difference.

When Senator Cole pushed for a vote on the senate floor, there was no debate, but the old prejudices boomed through the silence. In the balloting, the pattern was much the same as it had been in 1867: senators from Eastern Shore and southern counties opposed the resolution, most senators from Baltimore and western Maryland were for it. The final count: 13 for, twelve against, four not voting. Since a constitutional majority (15 votes) was necessary for approval, Maryland had confirmed its 88-year-old dissent to the 14th Amendment.

LABOR

On the South Side

Few members of the U.S. Congress walk both sides of the street as successfully as Arkansas' Senator James William Fulbright. Often described as a "passionate Democrat" and a liberal, he is also good at conforming to his constituents, many of whom are far from being liberals. For instance, Fulbright knows how to tip his hat to Southern industrialists who capitalize on cheap labor. Last week, Dr. Full was in eclipse and Mr. Bright had the spotlight.

In 1952 Fulbright pushed through Congress a bill under which the courts could review U.S. Department of Labor prevailing minimum wage orders. His purpose was plain. Under the Walsh-Healey Public Contracts Act, the Department of Labor had set nationwide minimum wages for manufacturers and suppliers holding \$10,000 or more in Government contracts. Since the Labor Department's minimums were affecting the wage scale throughout the textile industry, Southern textile men wanted to attack the order in court. After Fulbright put through the amendment, the Southern manufacturers sued to wipe out the national minimum of \$1 an hour in cotton, silk and synthetic textile plants.

Last week Washington's Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff (who upheld Harry Truman's seizure of the steel industry in 1952, and was reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court) ruled on the case. Judge Holtzoff pointed out that the Walsh-Healey Act permits the Department of Labor to set minimum wages by "locality," but said that blanketing the whole U.S. under that term is a "tortured interpretation."¹⁰ His conclusion: the Labor Department cannot set nationwide minimum wage rates under the Walsh-Healey Act.

Senator Fulbright's good friends the

Southern industrialists were overjoyed, but his good friends in the Textile Workers Union of America, C.I.O., were not. Said T.W.U. Executive Vice President William Pollock, in an appeal for repeal of the Fulbright amendment: "What the court said, in effect, is that it is quite proper for employers in one section of the country to pay less for the same work as long as they can get away with it. Under this kind of reasoning we should also abolish the federal minimum wage law [under which the minimum is 75¢ an hour]. If Judge Holtzoff's philosophy prevails, we shall have taken a long step backward toward the sweatshop and the slums."

Naturally, New England textile manufacturers were lined up with the T.W.U. In this case, to continue lower wages in the South help to hold them under a serious disadvantage. Management and



SENATOR FULBRIGHT
Mr. Bright replaced Dr. Full.

labor outside the textile industry were deeply interested too. If the Holtzoff ruling is finally upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court, it can affect pay scales in nearly 50 other industries.

HIGHWAYS

Safer

The high-pressure campaigns for traffic safety tend to obscure a fact that the campaigns help to create: for 25 years, U.S. motoring has been getting safer year by year. Last year there were 36,300 traffic deaths, not far below 1941's record 39,969. But Americans are also driving more cars more miles. Deaths per 100 million car-miles have dwindled from 16 in 1930 to 11.4 in 1949 to 7.6 in 1950. Last year they marked a new low: 6.5.

Black Is for Death. Sidney J. Williams, 68, the National Safety Council's "dean of traffic experts," says that the

progress can be explained under three headings: the car, the road and the driver. "Generally speaking," says he, "the car is safer than the road, and the road is safer than the driver. The car is easier to make safe because there is a new model every year. The highway is more of a permanent investment. But the driver is hardest to get at. It is extremely difficult to change his attitude."

To get at him, a tough policy seems to work best. Last year Los Angeles courts punished as traffic offenders twice as big a proportion of motorists as they did in 1940. Many of the offenders were sentenced to a course in a driver improvement school. Los Angeles has put teeth in the principle that "the pedestrian has the right of way." In most of the U.S., this slogan merely encourages the walker without inhibiting the driver; in Los Angeles, motorists know that the courts will almost always hold the motorist at fault.

Detroit says over radio and TV, "Drunk Drivers Go to Jail." It means just that; last year 827 of them did, for a twelve-day average visit. The city's drunk-driver accidents have dropped some 90% in twelve years. As part of its driver-education campaign, black flags flutter on Detroit's police motorcycles on days when a Detroitier has died in traffic.

Traffic engineers have learned much about easing congestion by lubricating traffic flow with such devices as one-way streets and timed stop lights, but road building helps too. Freeways carry three times as much traffic as ordinary streets, with one-fifth the accident rate. When San Francisco recently opened a 1.3-mile portion of a new freeway, the accident rate on crosshatching streets for two miles on either side dropped 36%.

Sense Is for Horses. Says Los Angeles Safety Council President J. T. Blalock, "There are those who say that we've got to figure on an irreducible minimum [of accidents]. I disagree. The irreducible minimum is zero." Washington's Safety Director Anthony Ellison counts on the citizen's cooperation. Without it, he says, "You've got nothing." Los Angeles and Washington had fewest deaths per vehicle last year among cities in their population groups, with past leaders Detroit and San Francisco close runners-up. Last year's booby prizes in the large city groups go to New York and Boston. Boston's Chief Traffic Engineer Timothy J. O'Conner last week termed his tangle of jackknifed streets "a nightmare." And a New York safety official observed that his city's traffic is like the weather: nobody does anything about it. Cracked he: "We had just as many careless drivers 40 years ago as we do today. The only thing is, the horses had more sense."

Nevertheless, Traffic Dean Williams credits the East with "more respect for law and order." The reason why Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey have consistently run up mileage death rates less than two-thirds the national average, says Williams, is that they "have done the best job for

¹⁰ Commenting on this interpretation, Judge Holtzoff quoted a passage from Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass*: "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be the master—that's all."

the longest time on accident prevention." They, and Vermont, were the first states to require licenses for drivers, and among the first to have a system of car inspection.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Hegira from Manhattan

One of the deepest polarizations of the human intellect caught up with Frederick H. Zurmuhlen, New York City Commissioner of Public Works. As a result, a half-ton statue of the Prophet Mohammed last week was lying flat on its back in a Newark storehouse.

The statue was carved 50 years ago by a Mexican sculptor as one of ten giant figures of lawmakers to adorn the new home of the first Appellate Department of the New York court system, overlooking Manhattan's Madison Square. The other nine were Moses, Hindustan's Manu, Per-

ripped by two great waves of iconoclasm scarcely less thorough than Mohammed's, and resting on the belief that images of God or of holy persons begot idolatry by distracting attention from the essence of the Godhead to the superficialities of concrete appearance. Today, the issue is only a minor one among Christians, but the vast majority of Moslems still take very seriously the Mosaic rule against graven images; they are especially incensed by statues of religious leaders, and among these, a statue of Mohammed would be especially offensive.

All this got back to Commissioner Zurmuhlen when his engineers reported a few years ago that time was eating away at the statues atop the Appellate Division Courthouse. Newspapers ran a story that the ten lawgivers would be lifted from their pedestals on the building's roof and repaired. When Mohammed's name appeared among the rest, the ambassadors



NEW YORK COURTHOUSE STATUES* (BEFORE REPAIRS)

The Prophet was flat on his back.

Associated Press

sia's Zoroaster, Sparta's Lycurgus, Athens' Solon, China's Confucius, Byzantium's Justinian, Wessex' Alfred and France's Louis IX. An odd list, but it is easy to see what those who drew it up had in mind. They wanted to express the universality of the idea of law. Lycurgus and Confucius, Zoroaster and Alfred stand for very disparate systems of conduct—and the Appellate Division was not necessarily buying any of them. All it wanted to say in marble was that all the systems partake of the notion that man's nature calls for rules of behavior.

The universality that the courthouse designers reached for in the statues is expressed in an abhorrence of statues by other peoples. Among these are the Mohammedans, whose earliest success in Arabia came by overthrowing local idols and thereby calling attention to the universal God. Eastern Christianity was

of Indonesia, Egypt and Pakistan told the U.S. State Department, on behalf of their Moslem peoples, that the Prophet's image should not go up again.

The State Department sent two emissaries to explain the matter to Commissioner Zurmuhlen. The question was laid before the justices of the Appellate Division. All agreed that Mohammed would not go up again—even though the danger that any large number of New Yorkers would take to worshipping the statue was, admittedly, minimal. As a result of diplomatic iconoclasm, the Newark stonemason who repaired the statues was asked to take Mohammed quietly away. The other statues were closed up to conceal the gap, and now Zoroaster has Mohammed's old place on the southwest corner, facing toward Staten Island.

* Moses (center), Mohammed and Zoroaster.

CRIME

Easy Money

"Banks," wrote FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover in a recent warning sent to bankers, "are an almost irresistible attraction for that element of our society which seeks unearned money." Hoover urged that, to resist, banks install armed guards, electronic alarms, tear gas and other protective devices. All these cost money, which banks are reluctant to spend, a fact that makes them even more irresistible.

One morning last week three men accosted a young New York bank clerk as he was leaving his home in New York City's borough of Queens. They ushered him into his Ford at gunpoint and drove with him the 14 blocks to his office, a branch of the Bank of the Manhattan Co. (which had just merged with Chase National to become the nation's second largest bank). They waited on the sidewalk outside. When the manager arrived he was stopped, too. "This isn't funny," he snapped. One of the bandits, flashing a submachine gun, replied: "Brother, I'm not kidding."

At 8:52, with all the bank employees accounted for, the bandits entered, herded eleven people into a 6 by 5 ft. vault, whose inner gate they locked with a chain and padlock foresightedly brought for the purpose. "Thank God they didn't close the vault doors," said one prisoner. The head teller collapsed in a faint and the others kept quiet. "I hugged the wall," said one later. "I wasn't going to get fresh." The hold-up men had eight minutes before opening time, and that was enough. By 9 a.m. the three bandits were quietly driving away with \$305,243 in bills, the most money ever taken in a U.S. bank robbery.

The bandits had planned carefully. During the hold-up one said: "We've been casing this joint for six months." They knew the bank employees' names and faces. They also knew that the vaults contained an extra \$200,000 that day to meet local payrolls. In every way, the bandits were much better prepared than the Manhattan Co.'s 35 branch banks in Queens, three of which were recently robbed. Until this month, none of the 35 had any armed guards or protective alarms.

ELECTIONS

Spring-Cleaning

Michigan's Democratic Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams cleaned up last week in the biennial spring elections for lesser state and county offices traditionally held by Republicans. Soapy stumped the state personally, staking in the campaign his prestige, and plentiful cash (donated by the United Auto Workers). On election day the Democrats took Detroit two to one, won five of the eight state offices at stake, swamped the Republican state slate for the first time in a spring election since 1933. Afterwards, the *Detroit Times* sized up ambitious young (44) Soapy: "The strongest leader his party has had in this century in Michigan."

Not Beer but a Book

Professor Charles E. Merriam, a political scientist who wanted to reform Chicago, ran for mayor in 1911 and lost. Years later, he was strolling with his wife Hilda in her home town, Constableville, N.Y., when they passed an old barn. She remarked casually: "My grandfather used to own a brewery in that building." The professor, who had been defeated by politicians weaned on beer, all but shouted: "A brewery! If I'd known that, I could have been mayor of Chicago!" This year the professor's son Robert could likewise have used a brewery. He, too, is a political scientist; he, too, wanted to reform Chicago; he, too, ran for mayor, and last week he, too, was defeated by Chicago's preference for its regular beery, cheery brand of politics. The winner, as usual: Chicago's Democratic machine.

Wrong Looks. Young Robert Merriam, 36, was handicapped by the fact that he looks like a South Side Chicago image of an Ivy Leaguer. He pleaded with reporters not to call him reformer, a prejudicial word in Chicago. "You know what the party workers say?" he complained. "They say to each other, 'Have you ever seen this Merriam take a drink? Does he ever drink? I mean, have you actually seen him take a drink?'" (Some people have.)

A Democrat until last year, Merriam ran this year as a Republican, and ran hard. He put on a daily five-minute TV show, raced around in a Chevrolet equipped with radio-telephone for campaign calls and an electric razor for touch-up shaves. At endless campaign gatherings he breakfasted on bagels and lox, dined on corned beef and cabbage, sipped coffee late into the night. Once he walked into a South Side revival meeting just as a writhing, frenzied woman was carried out. "Say what you got to say," the minister told him. "Do it in five minutes and get on outa here," Merriam did.

Right Levers. By contrast, Democrat Richard Daley, 52, talked like a stockyard lad who made good (which he is) and looked like a model for the modern machine politician (which he also is). He had the support of Adlai Stevenson, Senator Paul Douglas and Hearst's *Chicago American*. Every day, after breakfast with his wife and children, he went campaigning with a baby-blue Cadillac and great dignity ("as a good father, good neighbor and good citizen"). That was good enough. On election day Democrat Daley won by 126,667 votes (out of 1,342,993 cast), the machine's smallest victory margin since 1943.*

Leading the ticket was Morris B. Sachs, South Side garment merchant and local TV impresario (*Sachs' Amateur Hour*), who ran for city treasurer. In the Democratic primary, Morris Sachs went down to defeat with outgoing Mayor Martin Kennelly, wept in Kennelly's arms while



WINNERS SACHS & DALEY
A few dollar bills and pizzas, and a pair of long pants.

cameras recorded his sorrow (TIME, March 7). Sad Sachs dried his tears when he was offered a place on the organization's ticket. In campaign speeches he recalled fondly: "I sold Dick Daley's mother the first pair of long pants for Dick. Without me, where would he be?" His reward: 737,169 votes and more pictures in the papers, this time grinning happily alongside Daley.

As usual, Chicago's 30,000 Democratic precinct workers got out the vote and helped pull the right levers on the voting machines. Some dollar bills and pizzas were passed out, but generally it was one of the cleanest elections in Chicago's history. Daley's organization worked so well that he needed no crooked means to win. Afterward Reformer Merriam announced

a discovery: "You got to have precinct workers who know the people and can compete with the personalized politicking the Democrats do in this town." He decided next to go to Florida and write a book about why more people—good people, that is—should take an interest in politics.

THE LAW

Last Laugh

In Cook County Jail last week languished Alma Ferguson, 52, whom the tabloid *Chicago Sun-Times* labeled "prisoner of love." In 1949 she met Roy Ferguson; he was already married, but they moved in together anyway. Mrs. Theresa Ferguson won a divorce on grounds of cruelty without naming Alma as co-respondent, then sued her for alienation of affections* and last year won a \$25,000 judgment. "We haven't got \$25,000," said Ferguson, a trucking supervisor, who had married Alma by then. But the first Mrs. Ferguson had other means open to exact payment for her lost love.

In Illinois, a defendant who loses a tort suit and does not pay the damages can be jailed if "malice is the gist of the action." And as charged in Theresa's suit, Alma "maliciously" alienated Roy Ferguson's affections. She could thus be jailed at the wronged woman's discretion, and last week she was. Willingly, the first Mrs. Ferguson paid the jail fees for incarcerating the second: \$1 admission and \$3.50

* In 1935, when "heart balm" was a headline phrase, the Illinois legislature passed a law forbidding damage suits for breach of promise or alienation of affections. In 1946, however, the Illinois Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional, saying that it "tends to put a premium on the violation of moral law, making those who violate the law a privileged class, free to pursue a course of conduct without fear of punishment, even to the extent of a suit for damages."



THE SECOND MRS. FERGUSON
A prisoner of love.

* Professor Merriam lost in 1911 (by 18,000 votes) to Democrat Carter H. Harrison.

weekly. "This whole thing is silly," waived Alma, who can be kept in the jail for six months. Snug at home, the former Mrs. Ferguson trilled gaily: "I honestly don't know if I'll keep her there for six months. I've been through a lot, but I can still laugh. Give her my love."

THE ATOM Smoke Rings in the Sky

One morning last week a stately B-36 flew on a steady course more than 40,000 feet above the Nevada wastelands. Miles ahead and 10,000 feet below, Sabre jets flashed back and forth across its path, laying down a grillwork of drifting smoke lines. Then the jets turned and sped out of danger. Two minutes later the big bomber released a bomb triggered to explode six miles in the air. There was an orange-white flash, then a fireball about a half-mile in diameter, a shock wave that danced to the ground 75 miles away, and a giant smoke ring in the sky. The first test of an air-to-air atomic weapon was a lusty success.

Present theory and practice of air tactics do not call for bunching bombers in fleets, since one plane armed with an H-bomb is plenty for any target. But the capability to destroy an air armada, perhaps of airborne troops, with a missile or two might come in handy.

He Gives the Word

Eleven times in the last 50 days, one man at Yucca Flat, Nev. has given the word to set off an atom blast, and at least 50 times he has postponed explosions. He is Dr. Alvin Cushman Graves, 46, scientific adviser to the test manager. Dr. Graves must be satisfied that all Atomic Energy Commission safety requirements have been met. For example, the AEC has ruled that nearby towns such as Las Vegas, Tonopah, Indian Springs, Caliente and Paradise Valley shall not receive more than 3.9 roentgens* from radioactive fallout within any twelve-month, a figure far below a commonly accepted danger point of 25.

Graves is a physicist who has lived in the strange world of atomic experiment most of his adult years. He has been at Los Alamos since 1943. His wife is an atomic physicist, and of her work Graves says: "I've been doing so much administrative work and so little research in the past few years that she has passed me so far I sometimes don't know what she is talking about." But the reason he especially understands the extra need for caution during nuclear tests is a personal one. He once stood a foot from atomic death. In 1946 he was working at Los Alamos with a young physicist, Louis Slotin. Something went wrong with Slotin's experiment and he absorbed 800 roentgens in a split second, dying seven days later. Graves, who was right behind him, absorbed 200 roentgens and sur-



J. R. Eyermon—LIFE
PHYSICIST GRAVES
"Let's go."

vived. Today his left eye is cloudy from a radiation cataract.

Half-Globe Weather Report. At Yucca Flat Graves sorts out hundreds of requests and reports from military, research and civil-defense agencies. Twenty-four hours before a test is scheduled, he meets with 100 members of the staff in a windowless, rectangular room. Dress ranges from khaki to cowboy shirt, but there is strict attention when the meteorologist starts to talk.

A weather report on half the globe is read, then the weatherman narrows down to the continental U.S., finally gives a mile-by-mile analysis of the weather expected over Yucca Flat at test time. Each forecast of precipitation, the wind up to 50,000 feet, and temperature is illustrated on charts and defended under a scientific inquisition. Its object: to assess the danger from radioactive fallout. After the weather discussion, Graves questions scientists in charge of each phase of the prospective test. "Are your experiments in order?" "Are you satisfied your setups are O.K.?" "Are you nodding his answer, and Graves makes his first decision: the test is scheduled for the next day.

Then Graves roams the 640-sq.-mi. test area in his oyster-white, radio-equipped Chevrolet or his helicopter, asking questions, weighing the answers. While 30 to 35 meteorologists check and recheck the wind to see if there is any hint of a change, half a hundred safety officers in cars and helicopters search the wasteland to shepherd flocks of sheep or lonely prospectors out of the danger area.

Head-Scratching Time. At 9:30 that night, 50 men meet with Graves for 45 minutes. More detailed weather maps and the latest weather reports are presented. The product of a battery of electronic calculating machines, which have been fed a vast assortment of statistics

on weather, explosive force and other factors, are produced for digestion and decision. Each key man in the room gives his opinion. Then Graves turns to eight top-level scientists in the first row—among them ballistic experts, meteorologists and health physicists. "They usually mumble that they believe we should go," says Graves. "Then I scratch my head, think a couple of minutes and turn to Jim Reeves, the test manager, and say something like 'Let's go.'"

Now the tension begins to grow. Graves can change his mind up to one second before the explosion deadline, but he has already given the word that sends between 30 and 160 aircraft up for blast observation and cloud sampling. The word has been flashed to the Strategic Air Command so that planes in Seattle, Florida and overseas can take off on related atomic surveillance missions. His word has warned the Civil Aeronautics Administration to keep planes out of certain areas across the continent.

Cheese Was No Lure. This is the time to expect the unexpected. Desert jack rabbits like to feed on insulation. Once a kangaroo rat was found nesting in an essential instrument at the last minute. An atomic engineer tried to lure him out with cheese, but kangaroo rats don't eat cheese. Hundreds of nervous technicians waited until one found out how to catch a rat. In the lonely hours between midnight and 3 a.m., Graves is still checking, between catnaps and gin rummy games. To help predict the blast effects of each atomic explosion, World War II Navy depth charges containing 2,400 lbs. of TNT are exploded two hours and one hour before zero hour. In the morning, when Graves gives the order, eight scientists ride an elevator up the tower to the device cabin to arm the explosive device. They report each move by telephone to Graves in the command post. A checklist of from three to eight pages long is read aloud in the 20 minutes it takes to get the device ready—and the eight men can ride down the elevator to safety.

Then the Red Button. Sirens echo over the desert, and, all alone, Graves makes the last decision. He gives the word to push the red button. Machines take over. A cam closes a switch and power is fed to cameras, test instruments and power plants. Red and green lights on the control panel trace the action from sequence to sequence. Nothing is left to human error. Even the voice that intones the final count over the loudspeakers on Yucca Flat has been recorded on a tape that cannot blow its lines from human emotion. Electric current travels a full 15 minutes through a maze of relays, switches, condensers, coils, filaments and generators. There are safety checks along the way, fuses and other devices that can take back Dr. Graves' decision up to half a second before the zero second, but if all goes well, the current at last rams into the device, and a mushroom cloud stands miles high over the concrete bunker where Dr. Graves gave the word.

* In a routine chest X ray, a patient absorbs about 0.05 roentgen.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Changing of the Guard

Calmly and confidently, Britain's new Prime Minister took the torch from the old Titan's hand and prepared to carry on in his place. Sir Anthony Eden, 57, had waited patiently for the summons that he knew must come; the change had long been accepted as inevitable; the transition was smooth and speedy. Yet last week, when it did come, the replacement of their great Prime Minister struck Britons with all the suddenness of the sun going down behind Ben Nevis.

One moment Sir Winston Churchill was there in all his glory—venerable as Queen Victoria, familiar as Big Ben. Next moment, or so it seemed, the dauntless old figure had vanished, and Britain had the feeling that John Bull himself was gone. At 4:25 p.m., in the quiet of an April afternoon, 80-year-old Sir Winston Spencer Churchill put on his black frock coat and drove off to see the Queen.

Summons for Anthony. Next day Elizabeth sent for the tall, handsome grey-headed figure who had waited in the Foreign Office as Sir Winston drove to the palace. Top hat gleaming, Sir Anthony Eden drove along the Mall as the Scots Guards wheeled and stomped in the blaze of color and trumpets that is the changing of the palace guard. Approaching the iron gates, his chauffeur blinked the Humber's lights in a recognition signal. The sentries crashed their rifles in salute.

Eden's talk with the Queen lasted half an hour. At the end she clenched her fists and held them out before him, the right on top of the left, to symbolize the holding of the Sovereign's sword. Sir Anthony knelt and kissed them, thereby accepting the office of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.

Passion for Politics. The House of Commons that afternoon hummed with anticipation. The benches were packed tight, but on the government front bench no one sat in the place that in times past has been filled by Walpole, Chatham and Pitt, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone and Churchill. Then, in the middle of question time, Britain's 43rd Prime Minister quickly picked his way over the outstretched feet of his sprawling ministers and subsided into Churchill's seat. The House cheered.

"We all wish the [new Prime Minister] health and strength," said ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee in the course of a tribute to Churchill. "We cannot, of course, wish him a long tenure of office . . . but as a Mr. Young said to Lord Melbourne when that statesman was hesitating to accept the premiership: 'Why, damn it all . . . if it only last three months, it will be worthwhile to have been Prime Minister of England.'"

Eden stepped up to the dispatch box, flushed but serene. His first thought was

for his old master, and he moved the House, as he rarely does, when he spoke of "my Right Honorable friend's courage," his magnanimity, his humor, and his "passion for the political life." "I enjoyed very much the Melbourne reflections," Eden added. "[Mr. Attlee] will not, however, have forgotten that Melbourne, although always talking of leaving office, contrived to stay there for a very long time indeed."¹⁰

Emphasis on Youth. Eden took to his new job as if he intended to keep it indefinitely. He moved into 10 Downing Street and briskly set about his first big task: forming a new Tory Cabinet, with

bly, where he frequently took on (and often triumphed over) Andrei Vishinsky. ¶ Minister of Supply, replacing Selwyn Lloyd—bouncy young Reginald Maudling, 38, (B.A., Oxford), a bespectacled financial wizard who was one of Chancellor Rab Butler's policy-framing "back-room boys."

Less Majesty, More Order. As Eden took over, there were messages of congratulations from President Eisenhower, Pope Pius XII, and Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov. Only left-wingers carped. "If he does possess genius," wrote Aneurin Bevan of the new Prime Minister, "it is for the minute details of diplomatic inter-



CHURCHILL, WITH WIFE & ROYAL DINNER GUESTS
The Queen raised her glass.

himself at its head. All 18 ministers of the Churchill Cabinet had submitted their resignations, as tradition requires, but Eden accepted only one: that of 70-year-old Viscount Swinton, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. To Swinton, who received an earldom, Sir Anthony confessed that "a Prime Minister is always confronted with difficult decisions between the claims of experience and youth." Eden plumped for youth. Principal changes:

¶ Foreign Secretary, replacing Eden—Harold Macmillan (see box).

¶ Minister of Defense, replacing Macmillan—John Selwyn Lloyd, 50 (B.A., Cambridge), who made his name as British delegate to the U.N. General Assem-

course . . . The broad strategy is beyond his scope."

Most Britons would be more inclined to share the *Economist's* view of the changeover: "One compensation for the loss of a certain majesty in our affairs may be the gain of more order in them." In place of Churchill's one-man rule, Eden, who leans towards committee rule, seems likely to make his biggest decisions in consultation with his two chief ministers: Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler, and Foreign Secretary Macmillan. First big problem this triumvirate must face: when to hold a general election.

The present Parliament's term still has over a year to run, but with a bare majority of 20, and a new and untired Prime Minister, the Tories feel the need to renew their popular mandate. They

¹⁰ Seven years.

also hope to win for these main reasons:
❑ The government can still cash in on Britain's current prosperity.

❑ The Treasury has a fine surplus, more than \$1 billion, and come budget day next week, Chancellor Butler may be in a strong position to make vote-catching cuts in the income tax.

❑ The Labor opposition's feud over Rebel Aneurin Bevan has damaged its election prospects.

❑ Prospects of Big Four talks later this year give Eden a fine opportunity to appeal to the country for a chance to continue his "successes" at the London and Paris Conferences.

Tory Democracy. Reluctant to risk his premiership so soon after waiting for it so long, Eden was nonetheless reported

clearance by private builders, better roads and railroads.

"We all know quite well," said the new Prime Minister, "that whenever [Sir Winston] returns to us from his holidays, he will still be the dominating figure among us." Yet the House sensed with Sir Anthony that Churchill's resignation marked the end of an epic span in British political history, and the beginning of a new political era.

The Prime Backbencher

The curtain rang up on the final act of Winston Churchill's long and dramatic career last week. Even a statesman with his great flair for drama could have asked for no more effective tableau. There at stage center, its polished brass numerals

he bowed low, first to bestow a token kiss on the young sovereign's hand, and again before shaking hands with her husband, Prince Philip.

Then the scene shifted. The lights went up and the stage expanded to reveal the glittering, oak-paneled prime ministerial dining room inside. Portraits of Wellington, Nelson, Pitt and Fox stared down from the walls as the guests took their seats. Garbed in full uniform or official court dress, some 50 of them were ranged along the U-shaped table. There were the bemedaled Generals Montgomery and Alexander, who had led great armies under Winston Churchill's direction during World War II. There was quiet, modest Clem Attlee, his longtime colleague and longtime opponent. There, gracious and smiling, was the widow of Neville Chamberlain, the prewar Prime Minister whose errors Churchill redeemed but never condemned. There, still patient and distinguished with years and honors in his own right, was the Churchillian heir apparent, Sir Anthony Eden, and his 34-year-old wife, Churchill's niece Clarissa. There, along with the beautiful young Queen to whom he had given counsel almost from infancy, were dukes, marquesses, viscounts, friends high and low, each as attentive and respectful as Elizabeth herself.

With These Credentials. In raising his glass to the young Queen, 80-year-old Sir Winston asked for forgiveness due an old man. "Having served in office or in Parliament under four sovereigns," he said, "I felt, with these credentials, that in asking Your Majesty's gracious permission to propose this toast, I should not be leading to the creation of a precedent which would often cause inconvenience."

"Madam, I should like to express the deep and lively sense of gratitude which we and all your peoples feel to you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh for all the help and inspiration we receive in our daily lives and which spreads with ever-growing strength throughout the British realm and the Commonwealth and Empire."

"We thank God for the gift He has bestowed upon us and vow ourselves anew to the sacred causes of which Your Majesty is the young, gleaming champion. The Queen."

Elizabeth, whose very presence at Downing Street was something of a shattering of precedent, was not averse to shattering another. After Churchill's speech, she herself rose and in a clear voice announced that she was about to do what few sovereigns had ever done before. "I propose the health of my Prime Minister," she said.

Outside in the dim street, the crowd waiting through this dazzling dinner at Downing Street speculated whether there would be any dramatic announcement that night. Next morning several hundred were still waiting and guessing. All morning they waited and talked, as the great men of the land went in and out the



SIR ANTHONY & LADY EDEN
For the loss of majesty, a gain of order.

sympathetic to a quick election, possibly May 26 or June 16. Before then, he hopes, the new Cabinet will dig itself in and prove its competence. There will be no dramatic changes in British policy, either at home or abroad. The big names of the Eden Cabinet, notably Macmillan and the tough-minded Marquess of Salisbury, who is staying on as Lord President of the Council, share a warm though hardheaded friendliness towards the U.S.

At home, the Eden government plans to keep the welfare state and maintain full employment. "Any economist who talks of pools of unemployment should be thrown in and made to swim in one," says Chancellor Butler flatly. But Eden and Butler both expect to pay more attention to "Tory democracy," meaning tax cuts to stimulate investment, slum

gleaming in the lamplight of London's Downing Street, was the famed, ebony-black door marked "10." Choking the narrow street but held back to a respectful distance by alert bobbies were crowds of Londoners whose suspenseful interest in the drama was drawn taut by the lack of printed news caused by a newspaper strike (see PRESS). At 8:30 a spatter of rain caught the crowd's attention, for a moment, and just then, a bobby stepped up to the closed door. He knocked lightly to herald the approach of royalty, just turning the corner in a huge red-and-black Rolls. Instantly the historic door was flung open, and out of it, just behind his tiarad wife, stepped Sir Winston Churchill, K.G.

Resplendent in silken knee breeches and the broad blue sash of the Garter,

black door. By late afternoon there were more than 2,000 gawpers standing in the street. "I wish they'd tell us something," groused a photographer. "I haven't eaten since last night."

Off to the Palace. The door opened and an office worker popped out. Everyone laughed from sheer nervousness. At 4:25 the door opened once more and out stepped Winston Churchill, in striped pants, frock coat and top hat. There was a sparse cheer or two, then suddenly the street rocked with three huge, earsplitting cheers of acclaim. A slight, sad smile crinkled the Churchillian features for a moment. Then, clamping firmly on his cigar, the Prime Minister climbed into his car and headed for Buckingham Palace.

An hour later, after Churchill and Elizabeth talked alone, a palace bulletin made it official that "the Right Honorable Sir Winston Churchill has tendered his resignation as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, which Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept." "Good old Winnie!" shouted the crowd at Downing Street once again when Churchill returned. The old man smiled through tear-dimmed eyes, raised his fingers in the victory sign and went inside. Soon afterward the street was nearly empty once again. That evening Churchill came out of the house once more, climbed into his car and drove to his doctor's for a checkup.

No Time for Obits. From far and wide next day the tributes poured in. Great contemporaries, heads of state, ancient enemies, old colleagues, distant admirers, journalists, historians, soldiers, statesmen and plain men in the street took to their typewriters, their telegraph pads, their microphones, their notepaper or simply the local pub to heap praise on a career that has seldom been matched.

Germany's 79-year-old Konrad Adenauer at first refused to believe the news that Churchill had quit. "All of us in the free world need his advice and will always seek it," he said.

"We shall never accept the thought that we are to be denied your counsel," said President Eisenhower.

In the spate of encomium, Churchill was compared with everything, from an endless cavalry charge to Leonardo da Vinci. As everyone tried his best to rise to the occasion—tempted, no doubt, by a wish to be as eloquent as Winston Churchill himself would have been—the *London Economist* was at last moved to remark that "Sir Winston Churchill is not dead. He has merely retired from the office of Prime Minister . . . The time has fortunately not yet come to write his obituary."

Back Bench & Goldfish. Sir Winston, reluctant to retire but aware that he must, refused to steal any more thunder from Anthony Eden by appearing in the House of Commons on the day Eden took over. But the back-bench seat (actually on the front bench), which he firmly intends to hang onto, was standing ready and vacant for him. "The House

has today lost one of the greatest front-benchers in all its history," said Tory Walter Elliot, "but the backbenchers have gained the greatest backbencher of all times."

While such tributes were being sounded in a chamber still vibrant with his personality, Winston Churchill himself was busy entertaining the Downing Street staff at tea, snapping quips at parlormaid and secretaries alike, and preparing to go home to Kent.

When at last he was bundled, along with his poodle Rufus and his parakeet

Toby, into one of the two cars headed for Chartwell, tears stood once again in the old man's eyes. But by the time he reached his Kent home, the old Churchillian spirit was back to par. Some 30 villagers were on hand to meet him at the gate, and Churchill greeted them warmly. "Come on inside the grounds," he urged enthusiastically. "Come on, all of you, and have a look at my goldfish." The villagers swarmed in to take advantage of the invitation. "Yes," said Churchill, just before entering the house, "it's good to be home."

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY



Photo by Picture Service
MACMILLAN

Harold Macmillan, 61, Eden's successor in the Foreign Office, has long been regarded as the Conservatives' "other" expert on foreign affairs in the House of Commons. With a self-assured stride, Macmillan last week left his desk at the Ministry of Defense and moved to Downing Street, where sits Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Proper Background. In appearance, manner and background, Macmillan is typecast for Foreign Secretary. He is tall (6 ft.) and debonair, with a dashing guardsman's mustache and expensive tailoring casually worn. His grandfather, Daniel Macmillan, was a Scots crofter (tenant farmer) who migrated to London, and 111 years ago founded the now prosperous book-publishing house of Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Macmillan's mother, the former Helen Belles of Spencer, Ind., gave him what the English call "an American connection." Wealth and precocity led to good schools (Eton and Oxford), good marks (a first at Balliol), good regiment (Grenadier Guards), good military record (wounded three times in World War I), good marriage (the second daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire). To these accomplishments, Macmillan added personal qualities of ability, ambition, independence.

Rebellious Years. Despite a proper Tory preparation, Macmillan spent the first half of his 30 years in politics in rebellion and dissent. In Depression years he attacked old-fashioned Tory economics, urging a society that would be "neither jungle nor beehive." He once attacked the whole government bench as "a row of disused slag heaps," and said the party was "dominated by second-class brewers and company promoters." He protested Baldwin's appeasement of Italy in the Ethiopian war by "renouncing the whip," choosing the role of parliamentary independent almost two years before Eden's better-remembered withdrawal from the Chamberlain cabinet in 1938.

Climb to Power. When his friend Winston Churchill came to power, Macmillan, at 46, at last got his first post, No. 2 in the Ministry of Supply. Two years later, he was in North Africa as Churchill's Minister Resident and political troubleshooter. There he helped negotiate the settlement between France's Generals de Gaulle and Giraud, and became a good friend of Lieut. General Dwight Eisenhower. With his "American connection," and acquaintanceships begun in North Africa, he feels a confident ease about relations with Washington. "We have been through it all together before," says Macmillan.

After Churchill was driven from office by the Socialists in 1945, Macmillan, along with Rab Butler, played a work-horse role in modernizing Tory doctrine and preparing the party's electoral comeback. His reward: the Ministry of Housing, where, working a 16-hour-a-day clip, he brought the building of houses in Britain from 205,000 in 1950 to 354,000 in 1954.

Personality. In the House of Commons, where Anthony Eden has long solicited and won the esteem of his opponents, Macmillan prefers the acid remark and hypodermic tongue. This method enlivens debate, but it also multiplies his enemies on the Labor side. Sample Macmillanism: "The brave new world has turned into nothing but a fish-and-Cripps age." Macmillan's speeches are carefully prepared and lucid, the wit rehearsed until it seems almost impromptu. Result: Next to Churchill himself, he is the Tories' best speaker.

Left on his own, he may give Britain a tougher foreign policy than Eden did, being less compromising by temperament. Last month, supporting the Churchill government's decision to build an H-bomb, Harold Macmillan remarked: "Until the passions of mankind can be cooled by reason or by love, they must be chained by fear, and there is no other way."

FORMOSA Man of the Single Truth

(See Cover)

The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing.

—Fable of Archilochus

The cool veranda, with its silvery curtains and pale green furnishings, is always a quiet and tranquil place. There is a soft, slurring sound of slippered feet from within, and an aide comes to attention: "The President." The man who steps onto the veranda is all in black—black skullcap, black Chinese gown, black felt slippers. As the President of Nationalist China stands bowing and smiling politely, the visitor notices the thin, angular face and skull, to which the years of adversity and

really matter, and that to be of like mind with the Generalissimo is a thing of importance. In a time of confused issues and uncertain men, his sureness is so intense that he diffuses an air of tranquillity.

For among the foxes of the world, Chiang Kai-shek long ago found the hedgehog's one big thing: the world's primary and implacable enemy was and is the Communist conspiracy directed from Moscow. It was a single-mindedness that in the 1930s exasperated his countrymen (who wanted him to fight Japanese instead of Communists), in the 1940s, General Joseph Stilwell (who wanted him to arm Communist troops to fight in Burma) and President Harry Truman (who insisted that he coalesce with what Secretary of State Byrnes termed "the so-called Communists"). While many bright young

The Plighted Word. In the U.S., once itself deeply divided, the Congress recently approved all but unanimously a pledge of U.S. forces to the defense of Chiang's Formosa. Much of the rest of the world, if it had not changed its mind about Chiang, had changed its mind about the nature of the regime that overthrew him. Whatever some may think of Chiang personally—and most personal estimates are frozen, sometimes in grotesque postures, by the memory of the disastrous postwar years when his government disintegrated and his armies were shattered—there is now wide agreement that Formosa should and must be saved as a bastion in the free world's defense. Said Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies in Washington a fortnight ago: "There are far too many people who have taken the easy course of thinking about these things in terms of some man or some name. We don't defend a man, we don't defend a system of government—we defend a nation against tyranny from abroad."

In the eyes of many anti-Communist Asians, what the U.S. does about Formosa is the touchstone of their own future security. Said an Englishman in Bangkok: "Your policy out here has been full of enough lunacy as it is—and so has ours, no doubt—but to scuttle Chiang now, or even to give the impression of scuttling him, would be the last one." Added a Filipino columnist: "Formosa has come to mean to the free peoples of Asia one thing: the worth of America's plighted word to little nations."

The Last Retreat. Last week Communist artillerymen on the mainland dropped shells onto the rice fields of Quemoy, splashed other shells among the Matsus' fishing boats. Facing the Communists were three well-trained and well-dug-in Nationalist divisions on Big and Little Quemoy, another division in the Matsus, 150 miles to the north. While the U.S. wrestled with itself over the problem of intervening, and the U.S.'s allies wrung their hands in dismay at the prospect, Chiang insisted calmly that the offshore islands would be defended by him to the last man—whatever his ally might do.

"Our army must not be asked to abandon another front," says Chiang, "or voluntarily participate in another retreat. To abandon another front without a fight would betray [my soldiers'] confidence and endanger their loyalty. Our government could sustain a defeat on a single front, and maintain its morale and will to fight. But we might not do so if we retreat without a fight. We can and will fight on, even without assistance of allies, so long as morale remains high. Should our morale be destroyed, even our friends would be unable to help us."

As for all the hopeful talk of an agreed cease-fire, Chiang is equally composed. "It does not disturb me, because I know that the Communist bloc can never accept it, and will never permit it. Therefore I do not trouble myself with an impossibility."

While the world's radios, newspapers



Wu Chung-Yee

CHIANG KAI-SHEK & MADAME VACATIONING AT SUN-MOON LAKE
Among the bright young foxes, a tenacious hedgehog.

self-discipline have given a sculptural distinction. It might be the head and face of a monk. He waves his visitor to a sofa, then takes a straight chair beside him. Barking his comments at the interpreter in his staccato, rough Mandarin, he fixes his dark eyes on his visitor, brightening with interest at a comment on Indo-China, turning grave as he states his unshakable determination to return to the mainland. Tea is served, and at exactly 6 o'clock an indescribable look comes over the President's face. The visitor instinctively rises and takes his leave. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, frail and formidable in his black gown and skullcap, bows his visitor out without moving from his place.

The Bitter Grapes. Many of the U.S.'s top officials have come to this cool veranda, worried, harassed, urgent. Chiang's visitors emerge with no pronouncements made, no decisions taken, but with the sensation that Chiang imparts—that they are men of like mind on the issues that

foxes were finding that the grapes were bitter. Chiang Kai-shek, who himself has erred grievously in other things, both by omission and commission, clung to his hedgehog truth.

Because of both the single truth and the errors over the years, no name among the world's leaders strikes such fierce sparks of antagonism or praise as the name of this austere, remote man on the cool veranda. To some he is a "discredited dictator" who lost China through his own shortcomings; to others he is a "gallant ally" who was let down by the U.S. Left-wing Britons like Bertrand Russell call him a "ruffian, a totalitarian, a bad man altogether," and Labor's Clement Attlee would "pension him off" and send him into exile. Bevanites refer to "the reactionary Chiang Kai-shek gang," and Indians call him "a U.S. puppet." One U.S. general (Stilwell) called him "The Peanut" and one U.S. Ambassador (Leighton Stuart) "a devotedly patriotic, incorruptible, resourceful leader."

and parlors resound with his name and argue his intentions. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek pursues his intent way. Said his wife last week: "He lives each 24 hours as if they were his last, as if in them he had to accomplish the return to the mainland."

Chiang is highly conscious that his governance of Formosa can establish his best claim to, and justification for, a return to the mainland—or blight that hope forever. In his 22 years as head of the Nationalist government on the mainland, Chiang never had a year when he was not fighting either war lords, Communists or the Japanese. In the last four years on Formosa, he has had a chance to show what the Nationalists might have done if they had had peace.

Self-Examination. Chiang Kai-shek, whose name means "Firm Rock," has come a long way round to this testing place. Born the son of the local salt merchant in a small village in Chekiang Province, just opposite the abandoned Tachen islets, Chiang Kai-shek jumped from military training school into the ranks of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's revolution against the decaying Manchu power and its heirs. Though in the early days Russia was the revolutionaries' only ally, Chiang was quickly disillusioned when Dr. Sun sent him to Moscow for training. He returned commenting brusquely: "What they call 'internationalism' and 'world revolution' is nothing but Kaiser imperialism." Soon after Dr. Sun's death, in the midst of the Northern Expedition of 1926-28, which established the Nationalist government, Chiang turned on the Communists, purged many, and drove out the Russian advisers. Chiang had declared the war he was to fight all his life.

In the next ten years he fought war lords, bargained with those he could not defeat, stalled off the Japanese, chased the Communists out of Kiangsi on their famed Long March, and forged a nation. Although many liberals around the world, infatuated with the heady reports of the fine new Communist world in Russia, were already denouncing Chiang as "counter-revolutionary," in those ten years China made more progress than it had in the previous hundred. Chiang broke the economic shackles which the foreign concessions had fixed on dismembered China. For the first time, Chinese felt themselves a modern nation; there was order and purpose. Magazines flourished, students went abroad in droves to learn modern techniques, and travelers who used to go by boat to avoid train robbers could now take the train from Shanghai to Peking in safety. Road mileage was tripled, the student population doubled, a national currency was established, the practice of farming out tax collection ended.

In those years, Chiang took to wife the beautiful Mei-ling of the famed Soong sisters (one sister was the widow of Sun Yat-sen, another the wife of Financier H. H. Kung, longtime member of Chiang's Cabinet). Chiang was a revolutionist of unity, not upset. His mission was to weld

a nation out of many pieces, not to overthrow a monolithic government in the name of individual liberty. Dr. Sun Yat-sen used to argue that, unlike Europe, China had not too little but too much liberty without organization, "and we have become a heap of sand." What was needed was the cement. Chiang's Kuomintang tried to provide it. Slowly, while tirelessly expounding Sun Yat-sen's Three People's Principles, Chiang forged his own philosophy of rule. Deeply imbued with Confucian thought, it was a theory based on precept, on the loyalty of subject to ruler, of son to father. "If the ruler is virtuous, the people will also be virtuous," Confucius taught.

Chiang made his decisions by introspection amounting almost to spiritual flagellation. Daily he set aside a time for

te gorges to Chungking, and fought with no help from the U.S. or any ally, doggedly sure that eventually the West would stand at his side. His stubbornness tied down more than 1,000,000 Japanese troops who might otherwise have swept over Asia—a feat that established China's claim to greatness as a modern nation, and won Chiang recognition, at Franklin Roosevelt's insistence, as one of the West's Big Five.

But Chiang's certainty was also the source of his weakness. His inner conviction led him to confuse criticism of his actions with a threat to the nation's welfare, and he could be cruel to opponents. He thought in moral, not social, terms. Too often, while the unrest loosed by the very revolution he had set loose seethed around him, Chiang exhorted and



Wu Chung-Yen

CHIANG & GRANDSONS

In a time of confusion, an air of tranquility.

meditation (he was converted to Christianity and became a Methodist, at the urging of his wife, in 1932). He kept a diary with a page at the end of every week for rigid self-examination, instructed his chief officials to do likewise. He quoted the famed Confucian sage, Mencius: "If, on self-examination, I find that I am not upright, shall I not be in fear even of a poor man in his loose garments of hair cloth? If, on self-examination, I find that I am upright, I will go forward against thousands and tens of thousands."

The inner certainty this gave him was Chiang's strength, and the force that for 22 years held China together. Threatened with death when the Young Marshal kidnapped him in Sian in the famed 1936 incident, Chiang refused to make any concessions: "If I should try to save my life today and forget the welfare of the nation . . . the nation will perish while I live," he told the Young Marshal. When the Japanese attacked in full assault in 1937, Chiang retreated behind the Yang-

tsing River, and scolded his people like a Saveranola, when the times called for vigorous social reforms.

When corruption was rife, when top officials piled up vast fortunes in unexplained transactions, when officers defected, Chiang instinctively turned his thoughts inward to reproach himself for failure to inspire with his own standards. After his final retreat to Formosa, he told the National Assembly: "I must put the blame on myself . . . The disastrous military reverses on the mainland were not due to the overwhelming strength of the Communists, but due to the organizational collapse, loose discipline and low spirits of the party members."

The New Home. The Formosans had no cause to love the 2,000,000 defeated Nationalists who descended on them at the bitter end of 1949. The first Nationalist governor to take over from the Japanese at war's end had arrived with a retinue of carpetbaggers and incompetents. In 1947 a rebellion flared which

lasted three days, was bloodily put down by General Peng Meng-chi, then commander of the Nationalist garrison and now acting chief of the general staff. Thousands were killed.

Chiang moved swiftly to restore Formosan morale. He installed as governor frail, ulcer-ridden Chen Cheng, a general turned civilian who had been with Chiang since student days. Chen simultaneously tightened police control and initiated basic reforms, notably land reform. Chiang had learned his lesson on the mainland: "The consensus is that our party failed during the past four years because we failed to enforce the principle of the people's livelihood."

Laws were passed limiting rents, which had ranged as high as 70% of the year's crop, to 37.5%. The government broke up and sold off the big landholdings inherited from the Japanese; it bought land from the landlords and resold it to tenants on easy terms. In four years of Chiang's rule, tenancy has been reduced from 40% to 20%, and thousands of Formosans built "37.5% houses" and took "37.5% brides."

Chiang's new land is no mean property. With the 2,000,000 Nationalists added to its native population of 8,000,000 (most of them descended from Chinese refugees from the Manchus in the 17th century), Formosa is about as big in area and population as either Belgium or The Netherlands. Before the war, its standard of living was second only to Japan's in the Orient; it was the world's second largest exporter of sugar, and its total exports (rice, tea, fruits) exceeded Turkey's or Yugoslavia's. With big help from U.S. experts and greenbacks, Formosa's economy has thrived. Electric power has been doubled, production of fertilizer increased sixfold, textiles twelvefold. The Formosan dollar has proved more stable than the Japanese yen, has been nearly stable since 1950. Nine out of ten Formosan children are now in schools (v. 71% under Japanese), and public schools were established in the mountainous regions where Formosa's 150,000 aborigines dwell.

Politically, Formosans are getting a bigger and bigger hand in their own government: four years ago, elections were instituted for local posts. Last year the provincial assembly itself was elected by popular vote. In many elections, "independents" opposed the Kuomintang's candidates, and recently in some important instances, e.g., mayor of Taipei, the independents have won.

There are still difficulties. The Nationalists crowd the island, they have an air of superiority, they find it hard to understand the Fukiense dialect the Formosans speak, and Formosans dislike having to learn Mandarin just a few years after having to learn Japanese. Formosans and Nationalists still tend to have different clubs, live in different sectors (the Nationalists largely moved into the quarters the Japanese evacuated), seek different diversions. But intermarriages are on the increase. Most significantly, beginning last

year native Formosan boys were drafted into the army to replace the Nationalists' aging veterans. There was no trouble, and the Nationalist army now has 90,000 such troops.

Would Chiang Kai-shek win a plebiscite on the island?—a favorite British Laborite proposal. The answer is probably, though not certainly, yes. But as London's *Spectator* recently pointed out: "Why stop with Chiang Kai-shek? [Why not] call for the exile of Mao Tse-tung and a plebiscite in China; the exile of Khrushchev and a plebiscite in Russia?"

The One Man. Chiang Kai-shek still runs a one-party national government, and in many respects a one-man government. He is President of China, director-general of the Kuomintang, and commander in chief of the armed forces. But primarily, his power rests on the reverence, respect



CHIANG CHING-KUO
The danger is real.

and fear which he inspires and commands in his own person.

Chiang cannot always have his way. Often he must cajole and buy his way. Sometimes he must submit to pressures, as he did in 1950 when the younger Nationalist generation forced him to retire hundreds of old Kuomintang wheelhorses to sinecures. Chiang accepted and compelled the evacuation of the Tachen Islands only over the violent protests of many of his ministers.

The national government has been progressively diminished as the provincial government of Formosa has increased its independence, until today there are only 12,000 employees in the national government v. 113,000 in the provincial government. Except for Foreign Affairs and the Defense Ministry, most of the national ministries, their functions duplicated by provincial departments, are only skeleton organizations with nothing to do but plan for the day of The Return.

Chiang has isolated himself from most day-to-day routine, and from direct contact with all but a selected few (some ministers concerned only with domestic affairs may see him once a year, if that). Daily, Chiang rises before 6. At that hour, the house on the lower slopes of Grass Mountain, just north of Taipei, is quiet; outside, the ever-present armed guards stand silently among the trees. Chiang's day begins with an hour of prayer and meditation. Often Madame Chiang joins him, and they may sit silently together for the whole hour.

"It is then that he gets his strength for the day," explains Madame Chiang. Comments a Westerner who knows him well: "He is a very spiritual person, almost a mystic. One of the reasons people sometimes find him stubborn is that he tries to find the answer not only in himself, but in the God he serves." Commented a Western-educated Chinese scholar more tartly: "He is a saintly man. But saintly men are also impossible men."

After breakfast and a careful scanning of Formosa papers and others flown in from Hong Kong, Chiang dons his khaki cape, enters his 1949 Cadillac, and makes the 25-minute drive to his office in the Ministry of National Defense in downtown Taipei (pop. 500,000). Soldiers of the security force appear as if by magic along the route, then as magically melt away after he has passed. Past a dark bronze bust of himself on the stair landing, he walks quickly and alone to his third-floor office, where the blue velvet curtains are always drawn for security.

His first caller is always portly, poised General Chang Chun, secretary-general of his 240-man secretariat, and a friend of 50 years. The previous secretary, Wang Shih-chieh, was fired by the Generalissimo in a fit of temper two years ago—some say for saying no too sharply and too often, some say because the Generalissimo thought he was hiding things from him. Chang avoids this accusation by passing along any problem that might conceivably interest his unpredictable boss.

At 1 p.m. Chiang returns home for lunch alone with his wife. Quite often, Fanina, the Russian wife of his son Chiang Ching-kuo, is there with his two younger grandchildren, with whom he romps delightedly. He naps briefly in the afternoon, works on papers, then summons favorite ministers in the late afternoon. After dinner Chiang often watches a movie or reads Chinese philosophers and poetry. A favorite is Confucian Wang Yang-ming, who taught that "to know and yet not to do is in fact not to know."

Chiang has no taste for the recreations, hobbies or frivolous interests that make for intimate friends, and he has none. He lives the life of an ascetic. He drinks only water (boiled and lukewarm) and sometimes tea. He never smokes. He eats sparingly. On the mainland his regime was always a coalition of old enemies, jealous friends and potential defectors, and Chiang always rated personal loyalty to himself above efficiency. With an armed

RED CHINA

475,000,000 people in 3,800,000 square miles,
ranging from 1,142.8 people per square mile in Kiangsu
to 5.4 people per square mile in Tibet

- Cities over 1,000,000
- 500,000 to 1,000,000
- Under 500,000

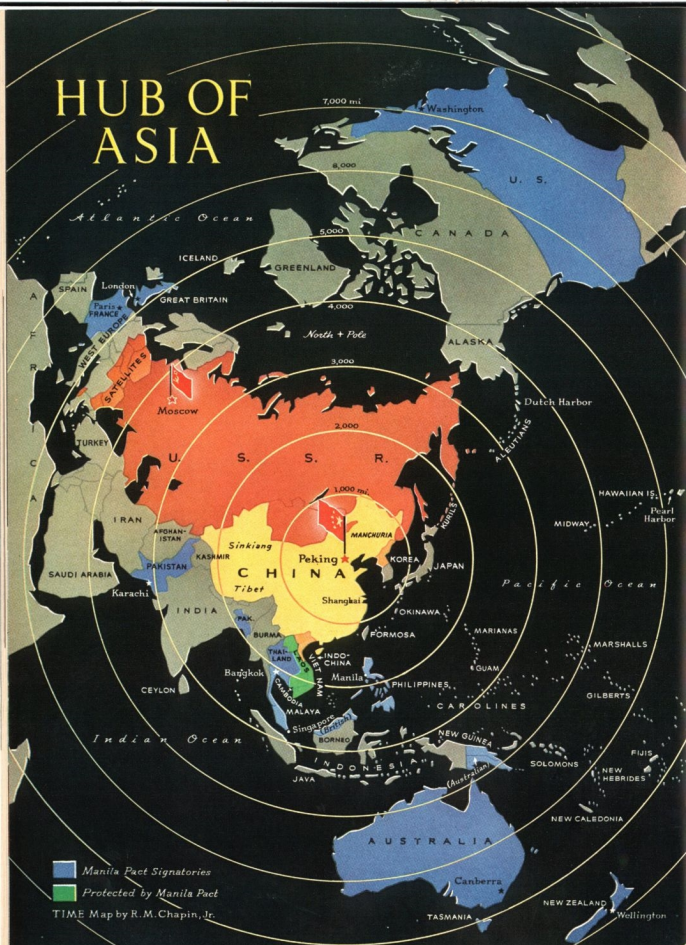




TIME Map by R.M. Chapin, Jr.

from Laos to the Amur R.

HUB OF ASIA



opposition party in the land, he had to. He still does.

Chief among those who have his confidence, and often summoned to his official residence at Shihlin, is Vice President Chen Cheng, 57, whom he has designated as his successor. A small man whose delicacy of talk and manner conceals a capacity for decisive, even ruthless action, Chen is a smaller, less commanding version of Chiang himself in appearance—a circumstance that led to a historic blunder when General MacArthur flew to Formosa in 1950, stepped from his airplane, seized then-Premier Chen and kissed him on both cheeks, exclaiming: "I have been waiting all my life for this moment." Generalissimo Chiang, standing near by, was not pleased.

Closest of all Chiang's advisers is still Wellesley-educated Madame Chiang. She is not as influential as she once was, and her patronage is no longer regarded as the sure road to preference. She repairs every day to her office of her "Chinese Women's Anti-Aggression League," to which she can and does summon ministers at will. "My role is very simple," she explains. "I assist my husband."

And there is his son, Chiang Ching-kuo, by an earlier marriage. The son's formal title is Deputy Secretary-General of the National Defense Council, but his real duties are as his father's troubleshooter. As head of the secret police and boss of the political officers in the armed forces, the son is chief guardian of the island's political security. As such, he is the most widely feared man on the island. A burly man of 46, Ching-kuo explains: "You must always remember that we have an enemy."

The danger is real: the Communists have tried hard to subvert Formosan loyalty. Three years ago a vice chief of staff was discovered to be a Communist spy. A few months ago two student pilots flew off to the Chinese mainland with an air force trainer. But Chiang Ching-kuo insists that security cases are now down to two or three a month.

Formosa is not as politically free as the Philippines or Japan, but it is freer than South Korea. The press can and does criticize, so long as it does not appear to Chiang Kai-shek as obstructing the national effort or damaging the prestige of the government. After all, Chiang reminds critics, "we are at war."

The Armed Strength. The biggest immediate question mark is Chiang's armed forces. His army of 20-plus divisions has been brought up to full strength by energetic Defense Minister David Yu. It has 300,000 well-trained men. Most of them are, in a very real sense, picked men—picked by themselves when they made the decision to follow Chiang to Formosa rather than remain under the Communists. But the U.S. has not yet delivered equipment to the levels projected in 1951, although arms are now pouring in faster than the Chinese soldiers can be trained to use them.

The Chinese air force (two wings of F-84 Thunderjets and the beginnings of a

wing of F-86 Sabre jets) is equipped to the bare level of a minimum defense. Its new commander, General "Tiger" Wang, is rated one of China's best military men. It has been held down, and is still being held down, by the U.S. decision that the Nationalists should not have any offensive capability of their own. This has applied even to fuel and ammunition supply. The small Nationalist navy (corvettes, destroyer escorts, LSTs) is adequate for blockade purposes, but would be negligible in an all-out fight.

Greatest doubt lies in the capability of Chinese command. Always haunted by the memory of defecting commanders on the mainland, Chiang makes it clear to commanders that his first requirement is unquestioning loyalty to himself. Thus, despite four years of U.S. effort, two major reorganizations and countless smaller



Alfred von Sprang—Black Star
VICE PRESIDENT CHEN CHENG
A delicate air, a decisive capacity.

ones, the primary requirement for responsible Chinese command is still personal. The determining characteristic of Chinese commanders is too often a paralyzing fear of taking any initiative without the Generalissimo's direct sanction.

If the Communists want simply to take Quemoy and the Matsus, they have plenty of troops, artillery and small craft for the job. What they do not have is air cover. Last week the Reds completed a jet air base at Luchiao (opposite the Tachens) and promptly moved 40 MIGs onto it. Far to the south, Nationalists detected another base abuilding near Swatow, which may not be complete for perhaps six months. But when it is, it will provide Communist jet air cover, not only for Quemoy and Matsus, but over the whole Formosa Strait. Then it would not be the offshore islands which were in danger; it would be Formosa itself.

Would the U.S. meet that challenge? Chiang thought he had had a pledge that

the U.S. would defend Quemoy and the Matsus. But last week Secretary of State Dulles reiterated, as he has been doing lately, that "there has been no commitment, of any kind, sort or description, expressed or implied," to defend anything but Formosa and the Pescadores. "We have the jitters," admits one high Nationalist.

For the U.S., the answer is crucial not only to Formosa. It is also crucial to the whole area of Southeast Asia. Scattered from clattering, neon-bright Hong Kong to Saigon's gaudy Chinese city of Cholon, from stilt houses and river boats along Bangkok's green canals to high-walled compounds in Djakarta and Siantar in Sumatra, from bamboo slums to sleek modern apartments in Singapore, live 12 million Chinese. For them, Chiang and Formosa are the only counter to the pull of Communist China on their loyalty.

Already the Communists are energetically proselytizing among them. Said an old Chinese, sadly, in Bangkok: "Our young people are full of pride at what they think the Communists have done in China. They laugh at Chiang and at the corruption of his government when it was on the mainland. They do not know what real corruption means. The Communists, the incorruptible Communists, have exorted their savings and killed their families. Before, we took our strength from our families. Now, when you go down to the quay, you see the mothers and fathers weeping while their sons go off to China. None of them has come back yet, except as a spy, an agent or a corrupter."

If the Communists can finally capture, by default, the loyalty of the overseas Chinese, they will have been presented with the largest fifth column in world history.

On Formosa, some have lost all faith in The Return. They recognize that they are not going back to the mainland unless the U.S. helps put them there. They argue that the government should concentrate on making Formosa a viable place, that the hope of return, constantly frustrated, leads to nothing but despair.

But the President of Nationalist China will hear no talk of settling down on a neutralized Formosa. Chiang Kai-shek does not believe this is one of the possibilities open to him or to the world, no matter how much well-intentioned diplomats try to bring off a settlement. On this basic point he and his Communist enemy (to judge by the enemy's words) are in complete agreement.

Does this mean that Chiang accepts—and would even wish to bring on—World War III? Today's world might not be prepared to accept Chiang's answer, for it runs counter to accepted habits of thought. His "counterattack" on the mainland, says Chiang Kai-shek, will not bring on a general war: in fact, it is the only way World War III can be avoided, for so long as the mainland of China is in Communist hands, a third world war will always be possible and perhaps likely.

INDIA

The Reconquest of Chitor

In Rajputana in central India lies the high rock of Chitor. "The swell of its sides," wrote Rudyard Kipling, "follows the form of a ship—from bow to stern more than three miles long and from three to five hundred feet high." Four centuries ago, in the land battleship of Chitor, the Rajputs held out against the invading Moguls. The Rajputs wore armor and fought with spears; the Moguls used cannon. In the last decisive engagement, a lucky Mogul shot killed the Rajput chieftain Jaimal, and the garrison, losing hope, performed the dreaded rite of *jauhar*.

The women and children were immolated on funeral pyres, and the warriors threw themselves on the Mogul

never do they sleep under a roof, but live in carts, wherein children are born and the old die, in which their beds, or *charpais*, are always upside down. Instead of swords and spears, they make axes and sickles, but in recent years their ancient craft products, overwhelmed by a flood of cheap manufactured tools, have been less in demand. The Gadia Lohars have been facing an extinction more complete, if slower, than that offered by the Moguls.

Last week from all over India the Lohars converged on Chitor. In the great plain below the landship fortress, their 4,000 bullock carts were drawn up in huge circles like the covered wagons of American pioneers. Over their wagons flew tattered Rajput sun flags (symbolizing the god Rama) and banners reading, "Hail Emperor Nehru." Few of the tribesmen had ever heard of Prime Minister Nehru,

turies yours is yours again from today onward."

A page of forgotten history, an unmoderated fort, a chance to sleep on a bed and under a roof, was not all that the Indian government was offering: on the nearby Gambiri River there would be land for the Lohars to farm. The big, bearded descendants of the Rajput armors, victims of modern India's shift from village craft to modern industry, grinned happily.

Prelude to Bandung

Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru, a cousin of India's Prime Minister and a dear old lady whom everyone likes, took her idea to Indian leaders. Why not, said she, collect cultural, religious and scientific dignitaries of Asia into one grand "non-partisan" conference to promote the cause of peace and brotherly love? The idea came to her, or was put to her, at last year's Communist-run Stockholm conference for "the reduction of world tension." Cousin Jawaharlal and leaders of his Congress Party gave their consent. Invitations went out to the capitals of Asia, and Indian President Rajendra Prasad agreed to welcome the delegates to New Delhi. The Congress Party's tough anti-Communist Bombay Boss, S. K. Patil, rounded up a delegation to participate in the proceedings. The press began touting the affair as an official precursor to the impending 29-nation Asian-African conference at Bandung, Indonesia.

But when the delegates streamed into New Delhi last week, a Red-tinted film of disillusion settled about Mrs. Nehru's meeting. Most of the bona fide artists, scientists and priests could not speak English, the official conference language, but the delegations from Moscow, Peking and the other Communist capitals were all big coveys of English-speaking propagandists, each ready to spout like shaken-up soda pop the moment the meeting opened. S. K. Patil came in from Bombay with his Congress delegation, took one look at the Red assemblage and withdrew in anger. "It is just another front organization with the Communists running the whole show," he snorted. Questioned about it in Parliament, Prime Minister Nehru sharply withheld his endorsement from the meeting. The Indian public generally shunned the convention gallery.

Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru got one opening-day opportunity to welcome the delegates ("Seeing you here is like a dream") and speak up for Cousin Jawaharlal's *Pancha Shila*—"five principles of coexistence." Then the Communists pushed the well-intentioned to the back of the stage and took over. "It's all very confusing," murmured one of Mrs. Nehru's friends. One by one, Communist speakers rode roughshod over the U.S. Kuo Mo-jo, one of Peking's loudest guns, vowed that Peking will not rest until it has conquered Formosa from the Nationalists. "It is a part of China just as Long Island is a part of the U.S.," he said.

The next performance of the Commu-



R. Satokopan

THE GADIA LOHARS RETURN HOME
At last, to bed.

swords. To complete his victory (which consolidated the Moslem conquest of Hindustan), the Mogul Emperor Akbar massacred 30,000 Rajput retainers, but failed to arrest the flight of the Rajput's famed armorers. With their families they followed their own Prince Pratap Singh into the forests, and took a solemn oath never to sleep under a roof or on a bed until Chitor was reconquered.

The Long Vow. Abandoned, Chitor became a haunt of tigers, one of a thousand Hindu shrines, and today the only recurring evocation of its stirring last days is the curse which may sometimes be heard on Indian lips: "By the sin of the sack of Chitor." The Rajput armorers became a tribe of wandering blacksmiths called the Gadia Lohars, big, fork-bearded men in pink turbans, women wearing silver bangles and big silver nose rings, and untouchables worshipping the smallpox goddess, Sheetala. Without quite knowing why, they still observe their ancient vow:

but they knew that a great *badshah* (ruler) had offered to succor them at Chitor, a place they had always avoided in their wanderings.

The Return. Riding in a jeep, *Badshah* Nehru led the Lohars up the steep winding road to one of the fort's seven iron-spiked gateways, wide enough for two elephants to pass abreast. Here he ceremoniously applied the vermilion-tinted rice dust to the forehead of the leading Lohar, while the Indian flag was raised on a 120-ft. marble tower erected to commemorate a Rajput victory in the 15th century. "Brothers, come on. Let us enter our fort," cried Nehru.

A hundred top security officials having flushed the ruin for potential assassins—men or beasts—Nehru wandered through the old walls, peered down the deep, dark stone pit where the Rajput women were cremated, then squatted on the stone floor to take sugar cakes with the Lohars. Said Nehru: "What was once for 13 cen-



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nist road show will be at Bandung this week, where the audience will be delegates who, in theory at least, represent more than half the world.

IRAN

The Bold Shah

Ever since he and his Queen got back from their U.S. trip last month, the once uncertain young Shah of Iran has been giving more and more signs that he intends to rule as well as reign. Last week his chance came. General Fazlollah Zahedi, the tough Premier who liquidated the fanatical, disastrous Mossadegh regime and got Iran's oil flowing again to world markets, resigned his office. His regime had become increasingly stained by the corruption and greed which are endemic maladies in Iran. Besides, Zahedi was ill with gout, and wanted to go to Germany for prolonged treatment.

To succeed him the Shah appointed gentle, scholarly Hussein Ala, who had been Court Minister (liaison between government and palace) in the Zahedi regime. Ala is personally loyal to the Shah. Unfortunately, Ala too is ill, and will have to run off to Switzerland for a prostrate operation before assuming his duties.

This leaves Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi himself in the role of Iran's next strongman. He did not even consult the Majlis (Parliament) before appointing his new Premier, as he is expected to.

Receiving the new Cabinet, the young Shah spoke as he never had before. Said he: "I want you to make a revolution in the country. I want a revolution. I believe we have to make it before others seize the chance to make one. If we don't, they will. If you cannot perform the heavy task I assign you, I will fire you."

RED CHINA

The Third Solution

"There are few situations in life that cannot honestly be settled and without loss of time, either by suicide, a bag of gold, or by thrusting a despised antagonist over the edge of a precipice on a dark night."

—Old Chinese Proverb

In the course of eliminating opposition to Communist rule in rugged mountainous Shensi province, Kao Kang, a squat, square-jawed warlord, learned all about the precipice treatment for despised rivals. By 1935 he had Shensi so much under his fist that Mao Tse-tung marched his harassed legions 6,000 miles to get to the safety of Kao's country. Only then did Shensi Peasant Kao, 33, and already eight years a party member, learn to read and write.

Mao praised him as "consistently correct," later made him boss of Manchuria, probably at Russian instigation, since the Russians were then in occupation. There Kao Kang learned the bag-of-gold technique, only the gold was Russian, and not just yellow metal, but iron, steel and machinery. Kao built Manchuria into a



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great industrial empire. But when he began issuing his own currency, making separate trade treaties with his Russian pals, and boasting that while China was depressed his Manchuria was booming, the idea began to get around that tough Kao was more consistent than correct. In 1953 Mao pulled him back to Peking, making him head of a 17-man State Planning Commission. He was last seen in public some 15 months ago, and when Mao last June abolished the system of regional governments, including Manchuria, Kao was not mentioned.

Last week a communiqué of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party explained why: "Since 1949 Kao Kang engaged in conspiratorial activities aimed at seizing the power of leadership of party and state." It charged Kao with having formed "an anti-party faction



KAO KANG

According to an old Chinese custom.

... to undermine party solidarity and unity and make the northeast area the independent kingdom of Kao Kang." In the State Planning job he had "tried to instigate party members in the army to support his conspiracy." Expelled with Kao were seven other lesser party leaders, including rugged, mustachioed Jao Shu-shih, secretary of the Central Committee and onetime political commissar of the New Fourth Army.

It was Red China's first top-level Communist purge. The terms of the denunciation closely followed the Russian pattern, but if the Chinese leaders had intended to follow up expulsion with a Stalinist-type public confession of guilt by Kao, they were defeated by an old Chinese custom. Like many a great imperial mandarin before him, Kao took the proverbial way out of his situation: he committed suicide. Thus Kao Kang, said the communiqué, showing that the Chinese Communists fully understood his protest, "expressed his ultimate betrayal of the party."



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Shot in the Arm

Canada, a nation envied by the world for her brimming postwar budget surpluses, sprang two startling fiscal surprises last week. For the first time in nine years, red ink appeared on the national budget and a \$160 million deficit was forecast for the year ahead. But instead of belittling to make up the shortage, Canada launched a bold tax-reduction program, slashing personal and corporation income and excise rates to put more money in circulation and give the country's economy a judicious shot in the arm.

Members of Parliament, troubled by increased unemployment and last year's business decline, happily thumped their desks as Finance Minister Walter Harris read from a top-secret budget notebook the details of his pump-priming tax cuts:

¶ Reductions up to 13% in personal income-tax rates. Example: a married man with two children, earning \$4,000 a year, will pay \$235 instead of \$269 (v. \$717 in Britain, \$240 in the U.S.).

¶ A 4% reduction in corporation taxes, lowering the rate from 47% to 45% (present U.S. tax: 47%).

¶ A cut from 15% to 10% in the automobile excise tax, reducing retail prices on most models by \$100 or more.

Most Canadians approved the decision for deficit financing, and some even thought that Harris should have gone farther, making deeper tax cuts even if the deficit ran up as high as \$500 million. Harris' confident answer was that pump-priming at that scale is unnecessary. Although winter unemployment has been high, there are many signs of a sharp spring upswing in business. Above all, the U.S. economy, on which Canada depends heavily, is booming. "We're not in a depression and there's no sign of one coming," Harris said emphatically. "I expect to break even very soon."

Face-Lift for Gander

Some 300,000 transatlantic air travelers put in each year at Newfoundland's big Gander Airport, and few can ever forget the soul-sinking impression of bleakness that hangs over the place like a built-in fog. The ramshackle Gander terminal, jerry-built from wartime barracks and hangars, ranks as one of the gloomiest and most primitive stations on all the world's airways. Last week Canada announced that Gander will get a long-overdue face-lifting. A new \$2,000,000 terminal will be built this summer, with restaurants, shops, a movie theater and comfortable waiting rooms for weary tourists.

ARGENTINA

The Church Defies Perón

Under a grey late-afternoon sky, some 15,000 hymn-chanting men and women paraded in downtown Buenos Aires last week, following a sound truck manned by priests.

Traditionally, the Holy Thursday procession of Buenos Aires' Roman Catholics marches 13 blocks, from Congress Square to the spacious Plaza de Mayo, but this year the police gave grudging permission to proceed only as far as the Church of Our Lady of Monserrat, five blocks from the Plaza. Abreast of the church, the



HOLY THURSDAY MARCHERS IN BUENOS AIRES
They crossed the Rubicon.

marchers shuffled to a halt. But some of the younger men, alert as scouts advancing into enemy territory, pushed on to see what the cops would do. They did nothing.

The columns slowly started up again. The throng swelled to an estimated 35,000, as bystanders and homeward-bound workers joined the parade. In the forbidden Plaza de Mayo, the marchers halted before the buff-colored cathedral and waved their white handkerchiefs. The sea of white signified not surrender, but support and defiance—support for the church, defiance for President Juan Perón, who last October began waging an off-and-on war of harassment against the church (TIME, April 4 et ante).

The march beyond the Church of Monserrat was a crossing of the Rubicon in the struggle between the uneasy strongman

and the church. As recently as a few weeks ago, a closed-door meeting between Perón and the Archbishop of Buenos Aires could touch off widespread rumors of a truce. Last week any lingering wisps of hope for a peace evaporated. Perón called his envoy to the Vatican home for "consultations," and the Vatican reciprocated by summoning its apostolic nuncio to Rome for "consultations." The official Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, labeled Perón's government "totalitarian." In an unconsciously comic gesture, intended as an affront to the pious, the Peronista Party announced the formation of a "lay order" of Sisters of Eva Perón, the President's late wife.

Perón deliberately chose Holy Week to launch, through his puppet press, a campaign for repeal of the constitutional provision stating that "the federal government supports the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church."

THE AMERICAS

Coffeeplot

After years of futile palaver, Latin America's coffee-producing nations are finally getting together in a hard-boiled cartel to hold up the price of coffee. This week their coffee policy-setters are busily bolting together a machine that, if it works, should take enough of the surplus off the market to sustain or even raise the retail price through the rest of 1955.

The combine being formed is largely the work of Manuel Mejía, shrewd czar of the Coffee-growers' Federation of Colombia, No. 2 among the producers of the world's annual coffee crop of some 32 million 132-lb. bags. In 1953, when Brazil (the No. 1 producer) suffered severe frosts, Mejía happily sold Colombia's crop at the high prices that resulted. In 1954, when Brazil made a quixotic effort to keep prices high by refusing to sell for less than \$7 a lb. (wholesale), Mejía craftily undersold—and again unloaded his country's crop. But after Brazil dropped the floor price to \$3.84 and began muttering sullenly of dumping the 6,000,000-bag surplus that had piled up in 1954, Mejía undertook a series of solicitous, persuasive trips to Rio de Janeiro.

The result was an agreement initiated by Mejía and Brazilian officials in Rio last fortnight. This week, in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Mejía put it up for endorsement by the twelve other producers—Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Cuba, Ecuador, Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Haiti, Panama, Honduras, Puerto Rico and Venezuela. The deal provides for 1) taking all unsold stocks off the market before July 1, when new crops begin flowing in,

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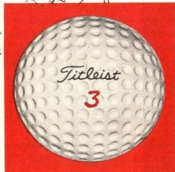
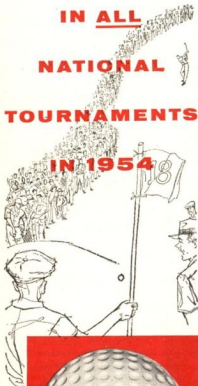


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In the center ring, a star performer.

2) withdrawing from the market 3,000,000 bags of the incoming crop, prorated among the countries. No one has said what will be done with the surplus, though Brazilian spokesmen angrily denied any plan to burn excess coffee, as in the 1930s.

BRAZIL

Political Earthquake

Already shaking with economic chills and fevers, Brazil floundered last week into its gravest political crisis since the suicide of President Getulio Vargas last year. The sudden exposure of a gamy political deal involving President João Café Filho brought on two angry Cabinet resignations and the dismaying collapse of the administration's plans for a controlled transfer of presidential power in next October's election.

With Vargas dead and Café Filho barred by the constitution from running for President, two new star performers, both of them state governors, have moved into the center ring of the Brazilian political circus. Both are spellbinding orators and accomplished platform actors, though their styles are notably different. Buoyant Juscelino Kubitschek, 53, veteran governor of Minas Gerais, dresses well and exudes hearty confidence. São Paulo's shrewd Jânio Quadros, 37, once labeled "the most talented actor in the history of

Brazilian politics," ostentatiously wears shabby clothes and the sorrowful look of a much-kicked dog. Neither man is in the grip of an ideology; what makes both of them run is the attraction of political office with the Presidency at the end of the track. Kubitschek (TIME, Feb. 21) is a hard-running presidential candidate. Quadros (TIME, Nov. 1) is passing up the race this time, but from the sidelines he has greatly improved Kubitschek's prospects.

Brassbound General. Brazil's top military leaders are staunchly opposed to Candidate Kubitschek because he was politically linked with Getulio Vargas. After Kubitschek won the nomination of the Social Democratic Party, headed by Vargas' son-in-law, a coalition of right-and-center party leaders, backed by Café Filho and the generals, decided to put up brainy General Juarez Távora, Café Filho's chief military adviser and by reputation a man of brassbound integrity.

The Brazilian constitution requires that state governors who intend to run for President resign at least six months before election day. As the April resignation deadline neared, Jânio Quadros passed the word that he was thinking of running. It was highly doubtful whether Quadros really intended to give up the governorship of Brazil's richest state only six months after his election in order to run



NON-CANDIDATE QUADROS & SUPPORTERS
On the sidelines, a cold-blooded bluff.

Folhas—São Paulo



Look at the car—and you know the man likes action

Nowadays, you can tell the man by the car he keeps.

Obviously, the car you see here belongs to a person who likes to go places. And he likes to get there with a minimum of effort and a maximum of pleasure.

We had such a man in mind when the design of this 1955 Lincoln began. And we gave our designers and engineers a goal that we believe has been achieved.

The aim was this: to build a fine car with *action* to surpass any other car—with beauty to match the tastes of those Americans on

the move who demand only the finest.

Lincoln achieves matchless action with its new Turbo-Drive and new high torque V-8 engine. They are especially designed and built to work together, giving you performance you never dreamed could exist.

For the first time in any car, you find utter smoothness with ultra quick acceleration. Here is no jerk, no lag—just one unbroken sweep of power from zero to superhighway speed limits.

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speaks for your own good taste—the new 1955 Lincoln is for you.

Prove it to yourself with a visit to your Lincoln dealer, to look at a new Lincoln Capri—and to drive one.

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For example, leather upholstery brings to the interior of the Lincoln Capri that same sure beauty which makes this car so distinctive on the highway. It gives you vibrant color schemes—made all the more dramatic by the natural magnificence of leather.

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a long-shot race for the Presidency, but his cold-blooded bluff panicked the leaders of the Távora alliance. Asked to name his price for staying out, Quadros unblinkingly demanded three federal Cabinet posts and the Bank of Brazil presidency for citizens of São Paulo state, plus a whopping federal loan to the state government. The Távora men talked reluctant President Café Filho into signing a written pledge promising Quadros all that he asked.

Confident Candidate. Last week, to the Távora camp's dismay, the press found out all about the under-the-table deal, reported it in screaming headlines to a scandalized nation. Capable Finance Minister Eugenio Gudin indignantly resigned, and the Minister of Transport and Public Works followed him out. Gudin's departure sent inflation-battered Brazil's cruzeiro sliding downward.

General Távora protested that he had been innocently unaware of the deal, but Governor Quadros promptly denied that. Warned by his fellow generals to get out of the race, Távora announced that he had decided not to run. Shattered, the anti-Kubitschek coalition lamely chose a substitute presidential candidate: Etelvino Lins, onetime governor of the state of Pernambuco and leader of a dissident faction of Kubitschek's own party. Meanwhile, Juscelino Kubitschek, having duly resigned as governor of Minas Gerais, was wearing a big, confident smile.

VENEZUELA

The Evangelist

In all of Venezuela's diamond-rich Guiana, no prospector was more given to the feverish, carousing miner's life than Agustín Martínez. For months he would pan the sandy river bottoms; finding a few diamonds, he would load his canoe with rum and float downriver, happily strumming the *cuatro*, his four-stringed guitar. Then some missionaries showed Agustín the error of his ways. "I put the *cuatro* and the rum in a sack and threw them into the Caroní River," he reported.

The other miners nicknamed him "the Evangelist." But faith and sobriety made Agustín a more diligent prospector. Early this year, panning in the remote Paraguarí River, he found an egg-size black stone "that shone like a diamond." Agustín thankfully put it in his pocket and paddled away. But joy soon changed to anxiety. For some of the miners who saw the stone said it was a rare gem worth \$600,000 or more, but others scoffed that it was only an industrial diamond worth a bare \$4,000. Afraid to test his luck, Agustín kept his big stone for two agonizing months. Word of the find spread. Newspapers debated names for a gem destined to rank with the Cullinan and the Hope; they settled on the Evangelist.

Last week Agustín finally turned the stone over to a government geologist in Ciudad Bolívar. The expert weighed and measured, tested and probed. At length he announced that the Evangelist was 695 carats—of almost pure iron.

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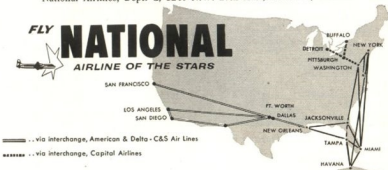
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If you're interested in landing more and better customers, remember that the *best way* is the *National way*!

If you are interested in the convenience of your own Executive Aircraft, write for brochure on National's Executive Transport Plan; no obligation. National Airlines, Dept. C, 3240 N.W. 27th Ave., Miami 42, Florida.



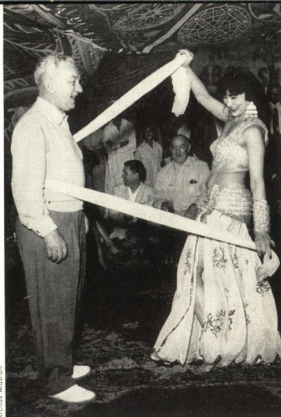
PEOPLE



Kaplan

Archie Macmillan

Britain's beret-topped **Duke of Edinburgh**, Admiral of the Fleet, after a month of Royal Navy maneuvers in the Mediterranean and much shuttling among ships by helicopter, stirred his foot in a jackstay, glided jauntily from royal yacht *Britannia* to an aircraft carrier.



On an airline junket to Egypt, Indiana's Representative **Charles Halleck** went happily native at a tent jamboree near the Pyramids, got snared by Belly Dancer Soraya Salem, there for a navel engagement.



Bob Headley - Sacramento Bee



United Press

Relaxed in the shade of a water tank behind his house in Uvalde, Texas, onetime Vice President **John N. ("Cactus Jack") Garner**, 86, belt unbuckled for comfort, fingered a rokish Mexican stogie while bird watching. Hens serve mostly to hatch the eggs of Cactus Jack's pheasants.



In smash opening of Pacific Coast League season, California's peppy Governor **Goodwin J. ("Goody") Knight**, 58, turned slugger, clouted a clean single past first base. He then headed for home-team dugout of Sacramento Solons. Inspired by Goody's hit, Solons beat Hollywood, 4 to 3.



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SCIENCE

Dangerous Neglect

In its preoccupation with immediate, practical results, the U.S. is badly neglecting pure scientific research. The warning was sounded last week by Nobel-Prize-winning Atomic Chemist Glenn T. Seaborg* before a joint meeting in San Francisco of the Atomic Industrial Forum and Stanford's Research Institute. Seaborg's clincher: of the nation's huge (\$3 billion) annual outlay for science, "no more than 5% . . . is used for basic research."

Seaborg outlined the real difference between "basic" and "applied" science. Actually, most "pure" scientists have long been closely involved with practical applications of their studies, e.g., the H-bomb, radar, rocket propulsion. Indeed, when defending their research budgets to outsiders, they "almost universally point to the most outstanding practical applications [they] can single out, and swear that these could [never] have happened without the basic research of past years." Yet, despite all its useful byproducts, pure research stands apart. It is motivated not by the need for an answer to an immediate problem, said Seaborg, but by an "intellectual curiosity [which can] be rated with the highest qualities of mankind," with far-reaching, broad goals and indefinite deadlines. Out of such curiosity come the discoveries which guide all scientific endeavor.

Nevertheless, said Seaborg, industry and government shortsightedly allocate funds piecemeal, harnessing university laboratories to small projects with constant red tape and supervision. "It should be possible to say to more [topnotch] scientists: 'Here is some money to keep you going. Run along and do whatever you want . . . All we ask is that you work hard . . . don't even do that if you can get more accomplished in another way.'"

Just as important, said Seaborg, pure research should be encouraged as the best training for the nation's short supply of young scientists and engineers; in such work develop the Einsteins and Tellers of the future.

How can the present neglect be corrected? Chemist-Seaborg's suggestion: double the outlay for pure science. The resulting increase in scientific knowledge, he believes, would make a bigger basic research program "the greatest bargain the American people ever received."

Flying Carpet

In a field outside Palo Alto, Calif. last week, a small metal doughnut, six feet across and two feet thick, bustled noisily into the air, then hovered seven feet off the ground. The pilot rode on a platform above the disk, protected by a pipe enclosure. The contraption had no wings, no

visible helicopter blades. On display for the first time was the Flying Carpet, built by Hiller Helicopters for the Office of Naval Research.

The futuristic-looking machine uses a simple new method of propulsion; the ducted air fan. Two enclosed counter-rotating propellers under the platform (to keep the platform from spinning) suck air down through holes in the circular fuselage, providing downward thrust, thus lift-



U.S. Navy

HILLER HELICOPTER

Just lean in the right direction.

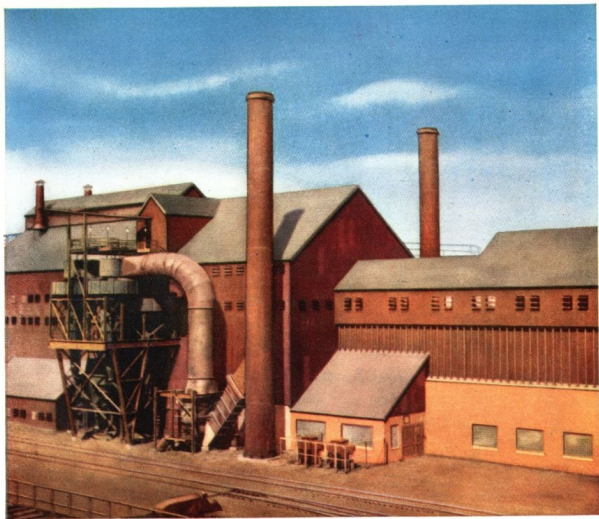
ing the plane. All the pilot has to do in steering is lean in the desired direction. Still very much an experiment, the light, easy-to-operate Flying Carpet may serve the armed forces as a courier aircraft, scout and air ambulance.

Slowdown for Jets

When an airplane flies, it gets its lift because air traveling over the curved top surface of its wing must go faster, thus exerting less pressure, than air moving across the bottom surface. The more speed, the greater difference in pressure, and the greater the lift. But when flying speed is lost, the pressure difference diminishes, lift-destroying eddies build up over the wing, and the plane stalls.

Last week Lockheed Aircraft Corp. reported a new device that enables aircraft to fly at lower speeds without stalling. Now being built into a mass-produced Navy jet trainer, the T2-V-1, the new wrinkle is relatively simple: highly compressed air is piped from the Allison J-33 engine through a tube running inside the rear edge of each wing. Through slots in the tube, the air rushes to the rear and down over the wing flaps and ailerons,

* With University of California Colleague Edwin M. McMillan, for their synthesis of "transuranian elements," e.g., plutonium, used in A-bombs.



Diet kitchen for blast furnaces

HERE is a modern sintering plant, built by Koppers. It takes a king-sized "kitchen" like this to properly feed big blast furnaces.

In Freyn-design sintering plants, iron ore, flue dust and other fine-sized materials are clinkered into sizable lumps—ready to be fed to the furnaces.

Blast furnaces thrive on this kind of a heavy diet. They turn out substantially more iron. They squeeze the most out of every ton of iron ore, because the sintering process permits *maximum* utilization of iron-ore fines and flue dust. Sintering also has a beneficial effect on

blast-furnace operation. It makes output greater and action smoother.

Koppers engineers are experts in designing and constructing sintering plants, coke ovens, blast furnaces—in fact, entire integrated steel plants.

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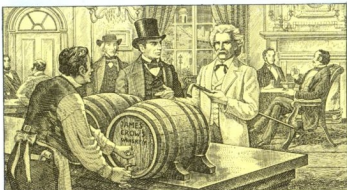


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**BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
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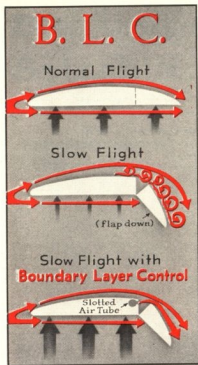
GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT AND HENRY CLAY ATTEND A DINNER.

When dining out, as he did with Gen. Scott, Sen. Clay took pleasure in introducing his guests to Old Crow.



Gen. John Morgan writes of Old Crow.

The leader of Morgan's Confederate Raiders offers to send Old Crow to Dr. Henry Fox of Lex, Ky.



thus assuring a flow without eddies and giving more of what aerodynamicists call Boundary Layer Control. With the added lift at lower speeds, Navy jet pilots can take off from shorter (by 50%) airstrips, make slower, safer landings on an aircraft carrier's pitching flight deck.

"Navarho"

Short-range (200 miles) navigational aids such as radio ranges and Omni Range have long been used to guide U.S. aircraft, with pilots switching from one station to another enroute across the country. But when a jet flyer, moving upwards of 600 m.p.h., tunes in on an Omni Range or a radio beam, he is often out of range before he can calculate his position.

Last week the Air Force announced plans for a new, long-range radio station, which, it hopes, will solve the problem. Dubbed "Navarho" ("Nav" for navigation, "a" for aid, "rho" for the Greek letter symbol meaning distance), the powerful 15-kw. station will be built near Camden, N.Y. Its three 625-ft. transmitting towers will send out low-frequency signals over 2,500 to 3,000 miles. Friendly (and enemy) aircraft from the Azores to Seattle will be able to take a radio bearing into their electronic apparatus, measure their distance from Camden by comparing signals from the three antennas, and pinpoint their positions within ten miles. When a pilot gets close to his destination, he will switch from Navarho's beam to a short-range station, follow it in to the airfield.

If the prototype turns out as expected, the Air Force will construct a six- or seven-Navarho network to direct its aircraft around the world. Estimated cost per station: \$1,272,000.



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After colliding with another car I lost control of the wheel. My wife and I were slightly hurt.

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When we told him we were insured with the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company he said not to worry. Although he wasn't a Hartford agent, he assured us it was a fine company and that we'd be treated right. His words made us feel a lot better.

After getting us to the hospital, he went to the office of the local Hartford Agent, and told him what had happened and where to find us.

The Hartford man got in touch with me right away, and made out

the accident report. He also straightened things out with the police, and got estimates of the damage to my car. What a load it took off my shoulders to have his capable, experienced help in our emergency!

Our car wasn't worth fixing, so with the Hartford man's help, I made a trade-in on a new car. Then he advised me on how to insure it and I wired my Hartford Agent back home to write the policies.

The local man expected nothing himself. He explained that Hartford Agents everywhere stand ready to give this same kind of "hometown service" to each other's policyholders. That's why I'll always buy my insurance from established and reliable local agents—men like the two who did so much for us.



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Twin City Fire Insurance Company . . .

THE PRESS

Brown & White at the Trib

As boss of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Helen Rogers Reid, 72, has long been the *grande dame* of U.S. journalism. Even before her husband Ogden Reid died in 1947, leaving her control of the paper, Helen Reid had a strong claim to the title. Once social secretary to Ogden Reid's mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, she began helping her husband on the *Tribune* in 1918 after \$15 million of the family's money had been poured into the ailing daily.

She sold advertising, worked on the editorial side, turned herself into a well-rounded newspaper executive. After she took over, she added to the *Trib's* prestige by such activities as the annual *Herald Tribune* Forum and a host of civic activities. Of all her plans, Helen Reid has been most determined about one. At the right time she wanted to step out and let her two sons, Whitelaw and Ogden, take over.

"Whitey" and "Brownie" Reid are as different as the colors of their nicknames. Slender, sandy-haired Whitey (Yale '36) is a quiet, thoughtful ex-Navy aviator; he has been editor for the past eight years. Stocky, dark-haired Brownie (Yale '49) is a driving, fast-talking ex-paratrooper; he has worked in a variety of jobs, mostly on the business side. For years *Trib* staffers have tried to guess which one—Whitey or Brownie—would end up as boss. Last week Helen Reid ended the guessing game.

Paris-Bound. She announced her resignation as chairman of the board of the *Herald Tribune* in order "to give the younger generation a chance at running the paper" (but she will stay on as a board member). Into her place as chairman, to carry on the great *Tribune* tradition, went Editor Whitey Reid, 41. Into the job of president and publisher went Brownie Reid, 29.

Brownie Reid has been moving closer and closer to the job he calls the "chief executive officer" of the *Trib* ever since he went to work summers as a photographer on the paper. From the photo staff he went on at the paper to become a mail clerk, reporter and columnist, writing a weekly column ("The Red Underground"). But he made his biggest mark on the business side. Shipped to Paris two years ago to shore up the *Trib's* Paris edition, he revamped the budget, got more ads and circulation and put it handsomely in the black.

Changes Ahead. Last year, after he returned to New York, the ailing *Trib* began taking a new prescription. The *Herald Tribune* started a "Tangle Towns" contest (*TIME*, Jan. 10), which added 70,000 circulation (it held between 20% and 30% after the contest). It also reset its editorial sights in many ways, began to compete more with Manhattan's breezy morning tabloids and less with the entrenched New York *Times*.



HELEN ROGERS REID
A guessing game ended.

Walter Daron

Although *Trib* editorial staffers and many an old reader balked at the change, the new plan seemed to work. In the first three months of this year, daily circulation reached an estimated alltime high (387,000), and the *Trib* is operating in the black. Brownie Reid, who is considered a "business-office" type by *Trib* editorial staffers, does not have Whitey's popularity with the staff. But some feel that his aggressive ways are just what the paper needs. As for Helen Reid, she expects a "team operation," each son doing what he can do best.

Brownie expects to revamp the Sunday



The New York Herald Tribune
OGDEN REID
A new era began.

Trib, bring out a new radio and TV magazine, increase the paper's business and financial news. He also hopes to step up coverage of local and state news, using task forces of reporters to work on "stories behind the stories." Said he: "We are launching a major program, which will be financed out of operating capital, that will move the paper ahead in a number of ways."

The Colonel's Will

The late Chicago *Tribune* Publisher Robert R. McCormick, unpredictable in many ways, last week left a will with few surprises in it. As expected (*TIME*, April 11), the Colonel turned over the management of the *Trib* to his top three executives: Chesser Campbell, 57, who was vice president and now takes the Colonel's title as president; Don Maxwell, 54, managing editor; J. Howard Wood, 54, business manager. They will also be trustees of the McCormick-Patterson Trust, which holds most of the *Trib* stock, along with Arthur A. Schmon, president of the *Trib's* Canadian paper companies, and the Colonel's niece, Bazy Miller Tankersley, one-time editor of the Washington *Times-Herald*. (The Colonel feuded bitterly with her in his last days, but the terms of the McCormick-Patterson Trust automatically made her a trustee at his death.)

To his widow, Maryland McCormick, 57, the Colonel willed a \$100,000 yearly income for life. At her own request, he left her no say in the *Trib*. "I'm not a newspaperwoman," says Maryland McCormick. "Some people thought I would take a bigger hand in things, but I just don't want it." The Colonel did spot an heir way down on the family tree. In his will he asked that seven-year-old Mark McCormick Miller, Bazy Tankersley's son by her first marriage, be "given an opportunity to be employed on the staff of the Chicago *Tribune* [to] carry on the great newspaper tradition of Joseph Medill."

Iron Curtain in the Pentagon

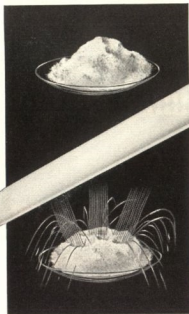
As a topflight U.S. military analyst, the New York *Times's* Hanson W. Baldwin usually gets a cordial welcome at the Pentagon. But last week he got a rude surprise. When he tried to make appointments for talks with General Matthew Ridgway, Admiral Robert B. Carney, Lieut. General James Gavin and other high brass, he was turned down cold. Other Pentagon newsmen had similar experiences. An *Army*, *Navy*, *Air Force Journal* staffer asked for obituary material on a Marine brigadier general, did not get it until the handout was marked "reviewed and cleared" by a Navy captain.

The blackout at the Pentagon resulted from a new order put out by Defense Secretary Charles Erwin Wilson requiring all news or handouts on defense subjects to be submitted to his office for clearance three days before being released. Furthermore, Wilson ordered the military men in charge of public information for the different services to be topped by \$14,800-a-year civilian superiors (not yet selected) and a general 30% to 50% cut in armed-

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OMEGA
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forces publicity staffs. Except for the details in his orders, Wilson was not acting on his own; he was ordered by President Eisenhower to plug the leaks in the Pentagon's information dike.

Too Many Voices. The President felt that 1) secret defense information was getting out, and 2) too many voices were speaking for the services. For example, last month Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Trevor Gardner gave a speech making extravagant assertions about Air Force guided missiles. Recently, Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* suggesting that prisoners avoid brainwashing by freely confessing to anything the Reds want (TIME, Jan. 31).

Last week, again in *Satevepost*, Skipper Eugene P. Wilkinson of the atomic submarine *Nautilus* had an article about the sub's first tests containing material that had not been printed before. But what finally brought on the Pentagon's new "gag rule" was Admiral Carney's "background remarks" to a group of Washington correspondents in which he discussed Chinese Communist intentions toward Matsuo and Quemoy (TIME, April 11).

Field Day for Gossip. Last week reporters and newspapers all over the U.S. were protesting against the Pentagon's new information policy. Asked about the blackout, Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty told newsmen: "The President has never believed in censorship of legitimate news. . . . However, he has also always believed that there is no reason to make available to the enemy technical military secrets." Few newsmen quarreled with that view, but even fewer thought Wilson's directive was a means of accomplishing Ike's order. Wrote Atlanta *Constitution* Editor Ralph McGill: "What [Secretary Wilson] has done is to make a perpetual field day for the gossip peddlers—and the dealers in 'confidential' information out of Washington. All he has to do to have good public relations is to have honest public relations."

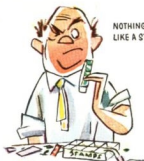
Strike in London (Contd.)

With all of London's twelve daily and ten Sunday papers strikebound for the third week, Britons read everything from the *Highway Code* to almanacs and comic books. Copies of such provincial papers as the *Manchester Guardian* and *Yorkshire Post* got premium prices. To help tell of Churchill's resignation (see FOREIGN NEWS), biggest British story of the year, thousands of copies of the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Boston Globe*, *Des Moines Register* and even *Long Island's Newsday* were flown to London.

Little progress was made in trying to settle the strike, called by maintenance and electrical workers. The 700 strikers, who earn \$34.37 a week for nightwork and \$29.33 for daywork, rejected a \$2 wage increase from the publishers. Last week one paper settled the strike in its own shop: the Communist *Daily Worker* (circ. 83,376). Meanwhile, the other newspapers were losing an estimated \$5.7 million a week.



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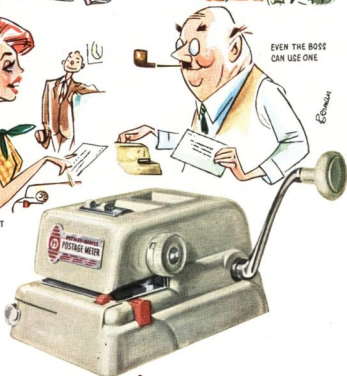
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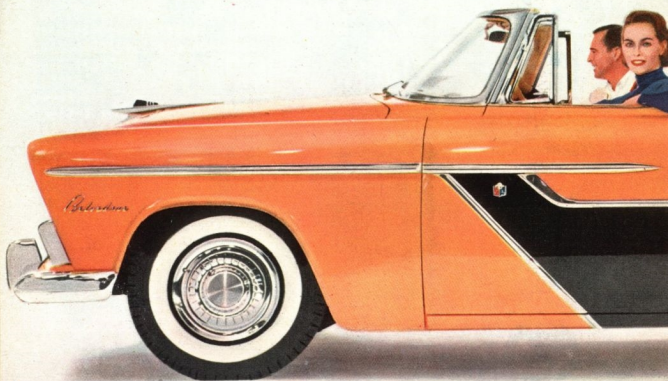
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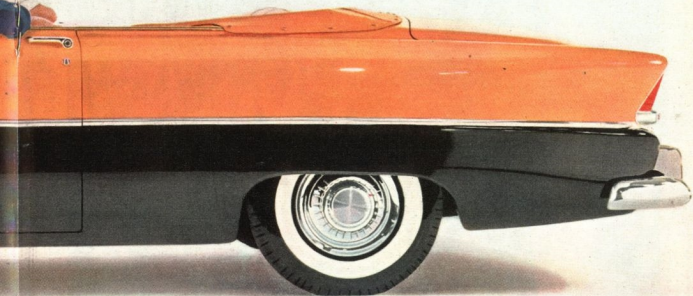
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MUSIC

Nice Fellow

On the nightclub floor stands a lithe, confident little man with a pugnaciously protruding lower lip, a broken nose and a patch over his left eye. But blasting out of the loudspeakers at the delighted audiences come the vocal inflections of Frank Sinatra (applause), Billy Eckstine (applause), Tony Bennett (laughter), Arthur Godfrey (laughter), Bing Crosby (cheers). After the impersonations, the entertainer sings some straight songs—in a voice not so good as some of those he mimicked, but clear and sure. Then he may play the drums with the abandon of a voodoo priest.

Next comes a monologue about two hepcats doing the sights of Rome ("What's that?" "That was Knee-row's pad, boy?"). Then a fast boogie-woogie chorus on the piano, and in between bits, some spoofing of the audience (to a noisy customer: "How would you like to come out to my swimming pool so I can give you drowning lessons?").

The one-man show is Sammy Davis Jr., 29, who in the past four months has become one of the hottest acts in the nation's gaudier nightclubs—Las Vegas' Last Frontier, Hollywood's Ciro's, Miami Beach's Copa City. Last week Davis was pucking them in at Manhattan's Copacabana, and columnists were hurling exclamation points. *Variety's* verdict: "In the main, socko." Yet Davis has been doing much the same act since before the war, sometimes without making enough money to buy a new pair of pants.

A New Start. The big turning point for Sammy Davis Jr. came after an accident six months ago that could have floored him for good: an automobile crackup in which he lost his left eye. When he turned

up at Ciro's soon afterwards, undaunted, and joking about his eye patch ("Gotta go now, gotta do a Hathaway shirt ad"), Sammy's comfortable popularity suddenly changed into a major fad. He was hailed by every Hollywood star from Ava to Zsa Zsa. The great ones came to weep and cheer. Less enthusiastic customers got at least one impression that was almost enough to account for his appeal: Sammy Davis Jr. was a nice fellow.

Sammy thinks he used to be a pretty brash fellow. "You know," he says, "I'd fluff [i.e., insult] somebody, even a good friend, and then think, 'Well, I'll make it up to him some day.' Then I had the accident, and I found I had friends."

An Old Pro. Harlem-born Sammy was smitten with show business about as soon as he could take a few dance steps. At three, Sammy hit the Orpheum Circuit in a flashy family act, has stuck with his father and uncle ever since—they still open his act with some nostalgic tap routines. During a burlesque stint, when he should have been in school, Sammy was pinched in an A.S.P.C.C. raid. Then came the skinty years of the Depression, a wartime stint in Special Services, the postwar years when the act kept getting stranded between guest engagements. Today, signed up to star in M-G-M's *St. Louis Woman* and leading through Broadway offers, Sammy still insists on spots for Pop (55) and Uncle (60-odd) before he will accept.

In a time when entertainers are often shoved onstage as a result of a hit record, without any other experience, Sammy Davis Jr. is a seasoned pro. His dancing is a study of fine rhythm and agility, his timing precise, his ad libs are deft. But he says: "I never studied anything I do. I just wake up in the morning thinking it would be good to do Bing Crosby, and I can do him."

Still, a lot of people can do imitations of Bing; nobody has yet found the way of doing Sammy Davis Jr.

In the Prize Ring

Modern composers usually complain that art is long and cash is short. But a ready way for a young composer to keep body and soul in a decent kitchenette apartment is to act like the girl who wants to be Miss America: enter all the contests.

Scores of musical contests (set up by foundations, wealthy individuals, schools) offer prizes that include cash fees, scholarships, performances, recordings, or expenses for study abroad. One of the classiest contenders in this musical prize ring is Ramiro Cortés, 21. Born in Dallas of Mexican parents, he took up music seriously when the conductor of his high-school choir took an interest in his compositions. His first prize was a Charles Ives scholarship to the Indian Hill Music Workshop, at Stockbridge, Mass., three summers ago.

Furious Flights. Other awards followed quickly: a scholarship to the Yale School of Music, a \$150 National Federation of



COMPOSER CORTÉS
A tip from Miss America.

Music Clubs prize for a string quartet. In 1953, Ramiro switched to the University of Southern California, the next semester won a tuition scholarship, the Harvey Gaul Prize, Philadelphia's Eurydice Chorus award and a \$500 BMI (Broadcast Music, Inc.) prize for a woodwind trio. He also set to work on an orchestral piece called *Sinfonia Sacra*, submitted it to the annual George Gershwin Memorial Contest. The judges: Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, Musicologist Carleton Sprague Smith, Composers Aaron Copland, Morton Gould and Peter Mennin.

After three months with the 45 entries (all sent in anonymously), the judges picked *Sinfonia Sacra*, by Ramiro Cortés. Last week, in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, Conductor Mitropoulos played Cortés' work with the Philharmonic-Symphony. Its first movement (*Kyrie*) was a slightly stolid development of an old Mexican tune in slow tempo; its second (*Sanctus*) was as reedy and antique sounding as a drafty baroque organ; its finale (*Dies Irae*), driven by busy motoric rhythms, included some fine furious flights of imagination and a paraphrase of an ancient Gregorian *Dies Irae*.

Next Bout. Explained Contest Judge Smith: "There were strong assets in the work; it was absolutely clear what the boy wanted to do, and the sacred nature of the piece appealed to the committee as a change from some of the radical things we have had."

Composer Cortés happily collected his prize—including, in addition to the coveted Philharmonic performance, \$1,000 and an all-expenses-paid trip to New York. Already working out for his next bout, he is writing an orchestral work that he intends to submit for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra award.

Among previous winners: Peter Mennin, Harold Shapero, Ulysses Kay.



ENTERTAINER DAVIS
Socko from Ava to Zsa Zsa.

SPORT

The Masters' Touch

In the absence of Jimmy Demaret, professional golfing's flashy fashionplate, Lloyd Mangrum stepped bravely forward to spruce up the Masters golf tournament. His blue cap, pink shirt and lavender slacks howled like an off-key calliope along the green fairways of Georgia's Augusta National course. "They need a little color around here," said Mangrum, "since the frost ruined all the azaleas."

Ever since the first Masters in 1934, the old masters have been whacking out more colorful golf than any tournament has a right to expect. Sometimes a newcomer startles the crowd with a spectacular round (last year Amateur Billy Joe Patton almost broke up the party with a fine 144 for the first 36 holes), but always the old guard takes over. Last year it was Samuel Jackson Snead who slammed through a playoff with two-time Winner Ben Hogan to pick up the marbles.

Last week Cary Middlecoff, 34, the Memphis dentist who traded his drill for a driver, found the masters' touch. He took off with a perfectly practical par 72. Out in front, Jack Burke, a transplanted Texan working out of Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., exploded with a five-under-par 67. With such sharpshooters as Snead, Hogan and Middlecoff sniping at his heels, Burke promptly blew up. Next day he scored a 76. Middlecoff shot past him with an astonishing 65—six birdies and an 8-ft. putt for an eagle on the treacherous 13th.

The old pro who puts together a round like that can take almost any tournament if he finishes with the par golf he ought to be able to play anywhere. On the third day Middlecoff got his second par. But over his shoulder he could see the limping figure of Ben Hogan, his left leg still acting up from his 1949 auto accident, stumbling steadily along. Overshadowed by Middlecoff's 65, Ben had scored a solid 68. Now he matched Middlecoff's par and he was only four strokes back.

Light rain dampened the course and slowed the greens for the final round, but Middlecoff stayed on top of his game. He turned into the back nine, two strokes under par. Hogan, his short putts stubbornly shunning the cup, was shooting par golf—not good enough. Just for a moment, on the 10th hole, Middlecoff faltered, shanked his second shot and scored a double bogey six. Then Dr. Cary Middlecoff picked up the pace again, finished with a stylish 70 for a four-round total of 279, a solid seven strokes ahead of Hogan.

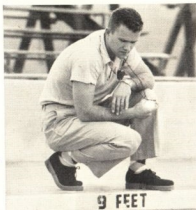
The Reed Girls

Tense and terribly serious, the tall, tanned young (17) swimmer on the starting block took a couple of deep breaths, shook her head and shoulders with a nervous shrug and coiled into her starting crouch. At the gun, Shelley Mann, an Arlington, Va. schoolgirl, lit out in an angry, ungraceful crawl. Four laps and 58.7 seconds later, she slapped the pool

wall, winner of the 100-yard final at the National A.A.U. Senior Women's Indoor Championships.

Worry Wart. As the championships got underway last week in Daytona Beach's Welch Municipal Pool, the sleek-muscle star of the Walter Reed Swim Club* had more reason to collapse than to set records. All night Shelley Mann (daughter of an electrical engineer) had lain awake worrying. Even the presence of Tommy, her good-luck Teddy bear, had not lulled her to sleep. In the morning, she ground out a fast 58.9-second qualifying dash for the 100-yd. free-style. Later, she led her qualifying heat once again as she clocked 53.18 in the punishing 400-yd. individual medley.

After a light lunch—rare filet mignon, peas, fruit compote, tea—Shelley tried



Jack Jesse—Daytona Beach News Journal
COACH TINKHAM & CHAMPION MANN
Help from a Teddy bear.

once more to sleep. This time, in an earnest effort to relax, she read a few chapters of her favorite book: Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* (see RELIGION). Refreshed, Shelley sprinted to the 100-yd. title, and a short half-hour later she won the 400-yd. medley championship as well.

Churning Machines. Such stamina is the secret of the Walter Reed girls' success—and it is not easily come by. Year-round, the youngsters let nothing, not even their school work, interfere with training. Every day finds them out in their sagging, stark black swim suits, ready to start a practice session by 7 a.m. And every morning, under the calm and skillful guidance of Army Pfc. Stan

Tinkham, 23, they splash through a workout that leaves them panting and near exhaustion.

A varsity swimmer from the University of North Carolina, modest Stan Tinkham inherited the team in the spring of 1954, when he took over from a talented but terrible-tempered civilian named James Leonard Campbell. That April, when the squad left for Daytona, everyone predicted disaster. Tinkham brought home a team of winners.

Since then the girls have worked as hard as ever. Gut-wrenching wind sprints, body-building exercises, clowning relays with the girls swimming in pajamas or blowing up balloons between laps, all combine to melt the teen-age fat from their hips, harden their midriffs and toughen their arms. Somehow they also find the strength to practice the fine points of flip turns and racing starts.

Last week, Shelley went on to take the 250-yd. freestyle and help her teammates to the 400-yd. medley relay title. Army Lt. Betty Mullen, oldest of the Reed girls and a freestyle specialist before she swam for Tinkham, set a sure world record in the 100-yd. butterfly (1:05.4). With the whole team pitching in, the Walter Reed Swim piled up 95 points for their third championship in a row. Marveled a rival coach: "A crazy bunch of churning machines."

The Terror of the Trout

All week long, curly-haired Jerome Cefalu, 19, was as busy as a major-league pitcher chucking baseballs at a country carnival—and he was just as unwelcome. Every 15 minutes he was back in line buying a ticket to fish the trout pond at the Milwaukee *Sentinel's* sport show. He paid his money all right—in seven days Jerry shelled out about \$50—but he snagged so many fish that he drove the trout-pond operators frantic.

Jerry has been hanging up his own kind of fishing records for years. Last summer at the Wisconsin State Fair, he hooked ten in ten minutes (prize: a week's vacation). In last year's *Sentinel* show he won a \$2,500 log cabin (which he traded to an uncle for a 1951 Ford convertible), plus a week's canoe trip and another vacation at a northern Wisconsin resort where he and a pal caught 72 wall-eye pike in 3½ days.

At the *Sentinel's* 1955 show, after a week of watching him work their pond, the authorities finally decided that Jerry was a public nuisance, and refused to sell him another ticket. Jerry's father, who had been serving the boy's catch at his New Colony Inn in Milwaukee, promptly got a court order restraining the show from barring his son. But the sport show managers still refused to let Jerry cast another fly. Before Jerry was banned, he had already caught more than 100 trout. Prizes: a five-day Las Vegas vacation, plus three one-week vacations in northern Wisconsin. He would like to donate the Wisconsin trips to local orphanages, but the managers are hard losers; they insist that the vacations are not transferable.

Jerry's system, born of innate virtuosity

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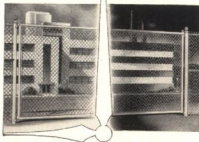
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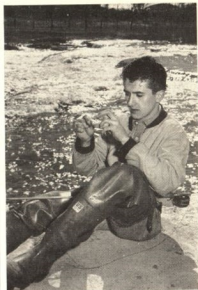
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and years of practice: he flicks a fly behind a swimming trout, lets it settle, then pulls it forward until it is out in front of the feeding fish. Once he has the trout's attention, Jerry quickly snakes his fly away at a 45° angle and gives it a few artful twitches as if it were trying to escape. These tactics never seem to fail. Explains Jerry: "Hatchery trout are stupid."

The Answer Man

By his own admission, Californian Clifford Rue, 30, used to be a monumental bore. He was the kind of sports fan who never could wait for the morning papers, spent half his time on the telephone badgering newspaper editors for up-to-the-minute dope. "Look," said a harassed sportswriter when Rue called him once too often, "we can't afford to take time off to give people running accounts of every cursing fight and ball game. We wouldn't have time to do anything else."

Ex-Marine Rue was far from chastened. The complaint convinced him that the city must be full of other impatient sports fans, all just as irritating as he. A little research uncovered the astonishing fact that Los Angeles newspapers, radio and TV stations, public libraries and universities got an average of 30,000 Rue-type requests every day.

In short order, Cliff Rue (a salesman at his father's liquor store) talked four friends into ponying up \$40,000 to start a service called Sports Information Results. The police tapped his wires for weeks before they were satisfied that the 50 phone lines Rue wanted to put to work were not the sinesews of a bookie joint.

Whisky & Courtesy. Today, after four months in business, Sports Information answers 18,000 calls a day; 17 researchers (all but two are paraplegics) field every question thrown at them. The office (Webster 8-3311) looks like a busy horse parlor, but its huge blackboard reflects more



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Murray Garrett—Graphic House
S.I.R.'s RUE (ON PHONE) & PARTNER
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than track results: data on the big-time sports events are entered on the board, giving researchers the results at a glance. For the offbeat queries S.I.R. subscribes to a wire service and burrows through stacks of dog-eared reference books.

Once in a while, stymied by a tough question, researchers have to take down a name and address and mail the information later, but most requests get a quick response (one to ten minutes). S.I.R. makes a handsome profit from recorded advertisements that are played over the phone before each answer. Such varied clients as the Hollywood State Bank, the Los Angeles Examiner and a Las Vegas gambling casino advertise through S.I.R. But the biggest buyers of all are liquor companies. More often than not, the fan who calls the service will hear: "Here is your answer, courtesy of ———. Ask for the whisky of elegance . . . The St. Louis Cardinals won the 1934 World Series four games to three."

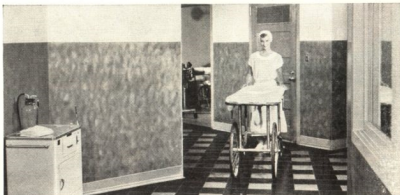
Manhattan Prospects. Ruefully, Rue admits that most of his calls are for current race results, but any day is sure to bring other momentous questions. What was the largest football score ever run up? (In 1916 Cumberland University lost to Georgia Tech 222-0.)⁹ What was the largest crowd ever to watch a water polo game? (In 1932 10,000 at the Los Angeles Olympic games.) S.I.R. will answer any reasonable query, but once refused to give Pro Wrestler Lord Carlton's address to an irate female fan who wanted to take him apart after watching him on TV.

S.I.R. expects a yearly gross of \$250,000, is going so well that Rue is now planning a 200-phone service in Manhattan.

* A game in which garrulous George Allen, Franklin Roosevelt's political handyman, Harry Truman's White House jester and Dwight Eisenhower's golf companion, was Cumberland's captain. As George tells it, he made Cumberland's best run: "I only lost six yards."

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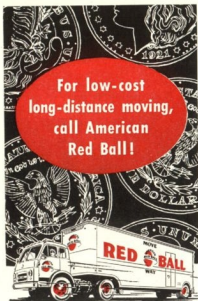
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THE THEATER

New Show in Manhattan

3 for Tonight earned Producer Paul Gregory his usual fine reviews and should prove—like Gregory's *Don Juan in Hell* and *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*—another big Broadway winner. There will be dissenters, however. Sceneryless and recital-like, 3 for Tonight yet aims at effects as soberly startling as a lady pall-bearer. It is also a kind of variety show that not too wisely shrugs at variety: beyond Master of Ceremonies Hiram Sherman, there are only the dance team of



Roderick MacArthur
GOWER & MARGE CHAMPION
Under the silver dishcovers.

Marge and Gower Champion, Singer Harry Belafonte and a chorus.

The principals offset one another very well. Belafonte, singing folk songs and spirituals, is vivid and intense, with an appeal perhaps less vocal than personal, while the Champions display notable lightness and ease. If, in mass-audience terms, Belafonte is the more impressive, he is the less accomplished; and even on the score of personality, Marge Champion's delightful perkiness constitutes the evening's happiest note.

The show needs more such perkiness, more of the zip Belafonte puts into *When the Saints Go Marching In*, brighter chit-chat than likable Hiram Sherman brings to lifting the silver dishcovers off each new course. But the show's weak points may have popular lure. Its concert air half-conceals its TV approach; its chorus that specializes in trick sound effects substitutes vocal décor for visual. The show's big production gimmick is its extremely high-styled hick stuff.



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ART



Pictures of the Soul

Picasso once brushed aside a criticism that his portrait of Gertrude Stein did not look like her by saying simply: "It will." In Manhattan, Vienna-trained Painter Rudolf Ray, 63, is trying to go Picasso one better. His aim: to arrive at the final "soulscape," the abstract essence of the sitter, by painting a series of eight portraits—one on top of the other. To the uninitiated the soulscapes may look like nothing more than shards of colored glass or a heavy calligraphic scrawl. But to Ray's followers, who include Hindu gurus, Taoist philosophers and Jung disciples, the paintings are readily identifiable as portraits of James Joyce and Ray's French gardener, Monsieur Pierre Aubert.

Without Their Masks. Painter Ray decided that he was equipped with an inner eye early in his career in Vienna, where he made his reputation by painting his subjects "without their masks." His highly expressionistic portraits won him the praise of famed Vienna Painter Oskar Kokoschka and the plaudits of Vienna art critics.

Deciding that "psychology is not everything," Ray moved to Paris, was cheerfully painting a still life of flowers the day Hitler arrived. Ray managed to escape on a freighter, along with Marcel (*Nude Descending a Staircase*) Duchamp, arrived in Manhattan in 1942. Soon after, Ray found his paintings turning into abstractions, called on Duchamp for advice. The result: Duchamp arranged a show for Ray at Peggy Guggenheim's avant-garde gallery. Since then, Ray has lingered longer and longer over each canvas; his finished pictures with all layers dried out often weigh 300 lbs.

The Unconscious Self. Last year Ray started work on a portrait of Columbia Lecturer Daisetz Suzuki, 79, a bushy-browed Zen Buddhist philosopher. Rather than paint the portraits on top of each other, Ray decided to make eight consecutive portraits. The result, on view this week in Manhattan's Willard Gallery, added up to a tour de force for the initi-



RAY'S PORTRAITS OF SUZUKI: NOS. 1, 2, & 6
When you say you don't know, then you know.

ated. But the others were floundering after they left Stage One: a generally recognizable oil sketch of Suzuki.

In Ray's series Suzuki next turned into an angry black scrawl, faded into heavy yellow and black (*Soul Fading*), then dramatically changed into a thick impasto of blues, orange, black, with lines scratched out by Ray's palette knife. Believing that "the artist, like physicists, must use the abstract to get to the concrete," Ray's next two portraits of Suzuki were abstractions of opposing lines. No. 7 stopped most viewers in their tracks. It was a startling blank canvas, washed in with cloudy browns. But Taoist Lecturer Dr. C. Y. Chang, on hand for the opening, recognized it immediately as "TAO, the Unconscious Self."

The final portrait was a handsome, delicately painted oil that looked like a faded Buddhist scroll suggesting blue mountains, red sky and willow-green foreground. At this point, according to Ray,



James McAnally, Graphic, House

Suzuki and Zen Buddhism became one. Philosopher Suzuki, on hand to see his portrait for the first time, was not so sure. Said he: "I know nothing of these things. Therefore, I cannot say." Prompted by Painter Ray ("You have said that when you say you don't know, then you know"), Philosopher Suzuki bowed with a smile, politely admitted: "That too can be true."

Americans in Paris

Modern American art stormed through Paris last week, the advance patrol of a U.S. culture parade that before summer is out will treat Frenchmen to everything from *Oklahoma!* and *Medea* to the New York City Ballet, the Philadelphia Symphony, and a collection of some 60 French masterpieces on loan from U.S. collections. As lead-off event, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, setting up an advance base in Paris, staged a big show of modern art, including not only paintings and sculptures, but architectural exhibits,

PAINTER'S LUCK



Walter Bennett

SIVARD

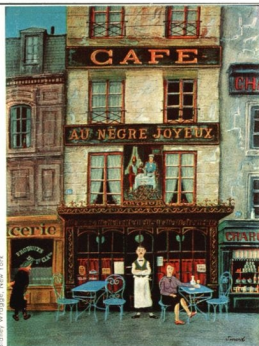
SOME painters have all the luck. They get paid for doing what tourists pay through the nose to do: seeing and remembering new things. Painter Robert Sivard, 40, has a blockful of Paris shops and people firmly on canvas as well as in memory; his pictures, which went on view this week at Manhattan's Midtown Gallery, are the sort any armchair tourist can enjoy.

The head-on directness of Sivard's paintings (*opposite*), their flatness and deliberately stiff drawing, result in a naive, pseudo-primitive air. But Sivard is no primitive, as his clear, soft colors, neat compositions and elaborate use of textures demonstrate. He found what he saw charming, set out to communicate, in a quiet way, the charm he felt. Even Paris recognized its own reflection in Sivard's little mirrors. When his pictures were first shown abroad, the Paris paper *Combat* exulted: "What joy . . . to find works like these."

Sivard was raised in The Bronx and Long Island, trained as a commercial illustrator. He has worked for magazines and advertising agencies, is now a consultant with the U.S. Information Agency in Washington. A lean and sober-seeming man, he views the world through thick, tortoise-shell spectacles and finds it full of pleasant humor. If his spectacles have a rosy tinge, so do his canvases, which sparkle with the refreshing tingle of a spring day in Paris.



"MARCHAND DES ESCARGOTS" was sketched by Sivard near Paris' Place de la République last spring. The shop sells nothing but snails—plain, stuffed or sautéed with green garlic.



"CAFE AU NÈGRE JOYEUX," on the Left Bank, was once a famous artists' hangout and favorite haunt of Hemingway. Main business now: selling coffee beans.



"MADAME VENANT," a fortune teller who set up her shack at a street carnival in the Place de la Nation, cottoned not at all to Artist Sivard, is shown glaring at him through a lace curtain.



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photographs, movies, prints, posters, and barrels of modern gadgets.

There was nothing muffled about the opening gun of the "Salute to France." Nor were Parisians sure that they liked everything they saw. But that U.S. art packed a wallop, no one any longer disputed.

Lost at Sea. For the opening night, visited by 2,500 guests, a once drab ground-floor gallery of Paris' Musée National d'Art Moderne had been transformed into a gleaming room swimming in diffused light and housing what was unquestionably the hit of the show: a handsome cross section of contemporary U.S. architecture. Among the large scale-models and ceiling-high photomurals: Pittsburgh's aluminum-sheathed Alcoa Building, Manhattan's stilt-borne Lever House, Chicago's glass towers by Mies van der Rohe and Frank Lloyd Wright's laboratory for the Johnson Wax Co. in Racine, Wis. Spotlights in a second gallery, blacked out with velvet draperies, were a host of machine-made objects from frying pans and plastic cups to oyster forks. Surveying this invasion of an art gallery by kitchen utensils, one indignant dowager demanded: "*Mon Dieu*, is this a trade fair or an art show?"

For Frenchmen expecting to touch familiar ground with the "real art," the 108 paintings and 22 sculptures by 67 U.S. artists was a bewildering sea of unknown names and works. Small groups, picking favorites, quickly formed in front of Ben Shahn's *Squash Court* and U.S. Primitive Joseph Pickett's *Manchester Valley*. Contemporary U.S. abstract art proved almost too much to take. Among the sculptures, only Richard Lippold's shimmering construction of chromium and stainless-steel wires and Alexander Calder's familiar mobiles drew much appreciative comment. French artists took a hard, professional look at Jackson Pollock's chaotic drip paintings and Clyfford Still's brooding black canvas. But most Parisians, rocked by what they considered a meaningless world, gave up trying to find anything "American" in most U.S. abstractionists.

Excitement in the Air. French critics went along with the gallerygoers, found much to praise in U.S. architecture and movies and plenty to pan in painting and sculpture. *L'Aurore* made a common judgment: "American painting, while trying to acquire a character of its own, nevertheless still reflects the convulsions, detours, experiments and revolutions of European art."

The exhibit started no sweep of enthusiasm for contemporary American taste in painting. But two days after the opening, the Americans decided they could relax. Visitors thronged to the show, including nearly every name artist in Paris. Said Museum of Modern Art Director Rene d'Harnoncourt: "We didn't expect a miracle. Something would have been drastically wrong if a miracle had happened. But there is excitement in the air. When the museum guards were happy, I knew we had a success. Guards hate to be in an unpopular show."

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Kudos

The winners of the 15th Annual Peabody Awards, announced this week in Manhattan:

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Entertainment: NBC's George Gobel.
Education: CBS's *Adventure*.
Children's Show: ABC's *Disneyland*.
News: ABC's John Daly.
National Public Service: NBC's *Industry on Parade*.

Regional Public Service: station WJAR-TV, Providence, for coverage of Hurricane Carol.

Special Awards: CBS's *Omnibus* and *The Search*.

RADIO

Entertainment: NBC's *Conversation*.
Education: CBS's *Man's Right to Knowledge*.

Contribution to International Understanding: NBC's *Pauline Frederick at the U.N.*

News: ABC's John Daly.
Music: Boris Goldovsky of ABC's *Metropolitan Opera*.

Local Public Service: station KGAK, Gallup, N.Mex., for *The Navajo Hour*.

The Week in Review

Television spent the week racing back and forth through history like a time machine. *Omnibus* set out heroically to recreate Homer's *Iliad*, and for 90 minutes the poetry was mostly drowned out in a clatter of tin swords on tin shields as Trojan and Greek struggled on the plain and seashore of Troy. The Trojans lost the war, but they won what few acting honors were available: Frederick Rolf displayed both majesty and grief as King Priam, while Michael Higgins' doomed Hector seemed far more a man and soldier than his rival, Achilles.

Sandals & Shooting. *Kraft TV Theater* also took a flyer at the toga-and-sandal crowd with *Whim of Iron*, a halfhearted comedy about Byzantine days and nights which came out so ineptly that its author, Michael Dyne, insisted on being identified over the air as "Michael Roberts." Explained Dyne's agent: "That's the only form of protest a writer on television has."

Next came a fat saddlebag full of westerns. On Tuesday night a viewer could find hardly anything but six-shooters and cowpunchers. *Armstrong Circle Theater* proved again that the good guy can always outshoot the bad guy; *Danger* tried hard to mix comedy with its gun fighting in *The Last Duel in Virginia City*, while *Elgin Hour* presented *Black Eagle Pass*, a homily on the evils of bigamy in the Far West. Paul Douglas got a single-tracked power into his role of the blackmailed and misunderstood bigamist, and the Western setting was apparently justified in the last act when Douglas' difficulties were neatly solved by a blaze of gunfire.

The Blue Danube ran merrily through

the first of the week's color shows. In Robert Sherwood's vintage (1931) *Reunion in Vienna* on NBC, Greer Garson was beautiful enough and Actor Robert Fleming nearly skilled enough to bring the play to life, but Brian Aherne's silly-ass Archduke made some viewers cease to care whether school kept or not.

Comings & Goings. CBS went to color for its hour-long production of *Stage Door*. As on Broadway, the action was confined largely to an actresses' boarding house, and the TV cameras had to hop to keep up with the frantic comings and goings of girls, guys and assorted spear-carriers. The play's moral—that the legitimate theater is devoted to the true and beautiful and Hollywood to the cheap and shoddy—is not only a dubious one (especially in the light of this year's Broadway scatology), but seemed to come with poor grace from television—where the play was regularly interrupted for hard-selling commercials by Westinghouse. Diana Lynn was somewhat characterless as the dedicated girl who spurns Hollywood's gold; Peggy Ann Garner shone briefly as the disappointed actress who tries suicide but (in TV's version of the play) doesn't succeed, and Nita Talbot, as a wisecracking bystander, got the few laughs registered by the studio audience.

On Ed Murrow's *Person to Person*, brains scored an easy decision over beauty. Marilyn Monroe was overwhelmingly blonde, breathless and inarticulate as she told millions of viewers how "wonderful" it is to live in New York, visit Connecticut, ride an elephant in a circus and aspire



MICHAEL HIGGINS
Doom by the seashore.



Sy Friedman—NBC
BRIAN AHERNE & GREER GARSON
Beauty beside the river.

toward a "serious" acting role in the movies. Then the TV audience received what amounted to an intellectual cold shower when it was introduced to Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham, a pair of poised professionals who had little more to say than Marilyn but expressed themselves with infinitely more verve and venom.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 13. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Gisele MacKenzie in *Now, Where Was I?*

Shower of Stars (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Revue, starring Ethel Merman, Red Skelton, Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Harold Lang.

Damon Runyon Theater (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS). New show, starring Vivian Blaine in *Pick the Winner*.

A Conversation with Arnold Toynbee (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC).

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Affairs of State*, with Walter Hampden, Betty Furness.

RADIO

Friday with Garroway (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). With Johnny Mercer, James Cagney.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*.

Jack Benny (Sun. 7 p.m., CBS). With Bob Hope.

Biographies in Sound (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). Tribute to Leo Durocher.

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RELIGION

Young Seminary

Hardly since *The Hunting of the Snark* had there been such a quest. But by last week the University of Chicago's Federated Theological Faculty had found and installed its first permanent dean and was ready to start moving into place among the great seminaries of the U.S.

Dean Jerald Carl Brauer is only 33, and the faculty he heads includes seven members under 40 and 13 more under 50. Crop-headed Jerry Brauer, who looks more like a football coach than a theologian, intends to make teamwork the watchword among his young faculty. "The age of theological geniuses is past for a while," says the Rev. Dr. Brauer. "People like Niebuhr and Tillich do not appear in every generation, and no longer is any theological school going to have its predominance through giant men who tower over the others... There may be another Reinie Niebuhr hiding under a barrel somewhere, but I doubt it."

Ecumenical Symbol. Dean Brauer's team has his troubles in getting organized. In 1943 four separate theological schools merged on the campus of the University of Chicago to become the Federated Theological Faculty: the University of Chicago Divinity School (Baptist), the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregationalist), the Meadville Theological School (Unitarian), and the Disciples of Christ Divinity House. The resulting pool of teaching talent made up one of the largest single Protestant faculties in the U.S. Its tradition, exemplified by Bible Translator Edgar Johnson Goodspeed and liberal Theologian Shailer Mathews, was solidly liberal. But in 1943 theological liberalism looked like an outworn creed beside the fashionable stringencies of Niebuhr's neo-orthodoxy.

A massive transfusion of young blood was administered to replace aging faculty members. At first, the seminary's four denominations squabbled, but in 1953 the F.T.F. board took a deep breath, decided to get a unified curriculum and a permanent dean to be undisputed boss. After almost two years of rumors, feelers, overtures and turndowns (during which top Theologians Wilhelm Pauck and Daniel Williams left to join the competition at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary), F.T.F. settled on its own Jerry Brauer. Says Dr. John Rylaarsdam, chairman of the committee that picked him: "He is a capable young scholar who furnishes as a Lutheran a real symbol for the ecumenical character of the school."

Flying Theologian. Dean Brauer's specialty: Puritanism, on which he is currently writing two books. A Midwesterner (from Fond du Lac, Wis.), Brauer studied at Northwestern Lutheran Theological Seminary in Minneapolis, took his Ph.D. in church history at F.T.F., then spent two years at Union Theological teaching and serving as assistant to Theologian Paul Tillich. Puritan Expert Brauer sees a new



DEAN BRAUER
Sin is serious.

Arthur Shaw

kind of theological liberalism emerging at F.T.F. "It still asserts the creativeness and potentiality of the human spirit," he says, "but it is also much more aware of the limitations of the human spirit—for example, it takes sin seriously. It is not as optimistic as it used to be, but it is not as pessimistic as neo-orthodoxy."

Dean Brauer feels that his students must hear the neo-orthodox case. For that service, modern-minded F.T.F. relies on the airplane and on British Congregationalist Daniel Jenkins, who commutes to Chicago from just outside London for a quarter of each school year to teach ecumenical theology.

Questions & Answers

Dr. Norman Vincent (*The Power of Positive Thinking*) Peale, onetime newspaper reporter on the Findlay, Ohio *Morning Republican*, and for almost 23 years pastor of Manhattan's Reformed Marble Collegiate Church, has a voice that carries far. What he has to say is heard by millions of people each week—on the air, in a weekly newspaper column, a biweekly magazine article (in *Look*), his own monthly magazine, pamphlets, books, and about 15 speeches a month (*TIME*, Nov. 1). Last week Dr. Peale, on a new daily radio program over NBC (10:05-10:15 a.m., E.S.T.), became the first Protestant minister ever sponsored by a commercial company over a regular nationwide radio network. The sponsor: Doeksin, Inc. ("Makers of so-called Doeksin Facial Tissues"). On the program Dr. Peale answers correspondents' questions about religion as well as about their personal problems, an area in which he feels religion is deeply concerned.

Sample Question: "I am 17 and was married two months ago. During the six

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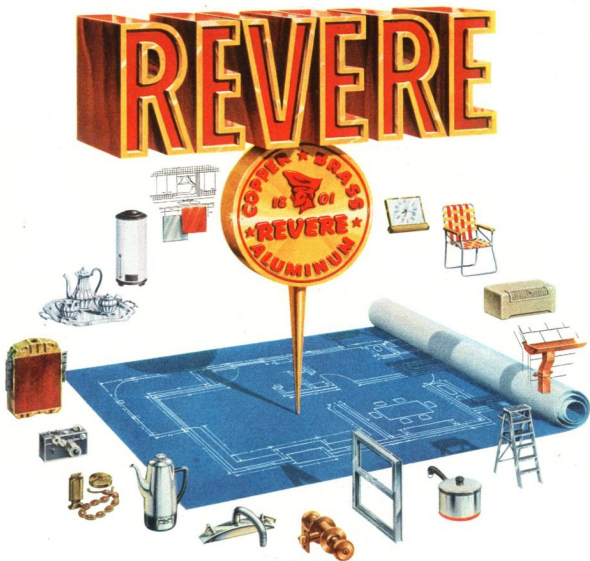
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months my husband and I were engaged, my parents seemed to like him very much and agreed to our marriage. Now, my mother resents everything we do or say when we visit them, and told me not to come back and will not speak to us when we meet . . . What do you think I should do about my parents?"

Dr. Peale: "Your mother, of course, is acting in a very irrational manner. I am sure there is an explanation of it, however, which probably is an injured and aggrieved attitude based on the feeling that she is no longer wanted . . . You would be well advised to simply take the attitude that your mother is going through a sulky, pouty, emotional reaction . . . If you should give in to her now and go and make yourself subservient to her, you would create an unhappy situation that might exist for



PREACHER PEALE

"Be as nice as possible."

years . . . I would suggest that you . . . write her . . . pleasant little notes. Send her things. Do everything in your power to show her that you love her . . . Just remain steady and be as nice as possible, and at all times be kindly and forgiving."

Question: "In my past life I have done some very bad sins, and I have no peace of mind because of them. I am sorry for every misdeed, and have told God about it. Why is there no peace in my mind?"

Dr. Peale: "There is a very peculiar characteristic in human nature, and that is our inability to forgive ourselves. We do wrong, we ask God to forgive us, and God does forgive us. But it is far more difficult to get oneself to forgive oneself . . . A normal, strong, well-adjusted mind will . . . say, 'God has forgiven me. I have done everything I can to make this matter right, it's in the past, it's washed out, it's all over and done . . . I sometimes think it was a very wise procedure in the mind of the Creator when He

invented nighttime. The darkness comes down and blots out everything that has happened during the day. Then, after the nighttime has passed, a new day dawns, and every day is a fresh beginning."

Preacher Peale hesitated before allowing the program to be sponsored commercially, finally decided that with a sponsor he could reach a far wider audience. Commercials are carefully screened for dignity and taste, but Dr. Peale sees no point in trying to hide the fact that they are commercials (sample: ". . . And that's just what Doeskin Dinner Napkins are made of . . . 100% genuine facial tissue . . . two big, fluffy layers. Ordinary napkins are hard and crinkly").

Radio, says Norman Vincent Peale, is "a wonderful way to broaden one's ministry, to reach out to minds and hearts that might not otherwise be touched."

Facing the Ambiguities

The typical U.S. Protestant parish minister is between 35 and 44, is married, and has two children. His church has approximately 400 members, with about 200 children in his Sunday school. Its budget is about \$12,500 a year, some \$3,000 of which is given away for good causes. And he is somewhat bewildered to find that his traditional function as preacher is being superseded by the functions of pastor, administrator, counselor, organizer, educator and promoter.

These facts were turned up in a careful survey conducted by Presbyterian Minister-Sociologist Dr. Samuel Blizard, 40, who was commissioned two years ago by the Russell Sage Foundation to collaborate with Union Theological Seminary in "A Study of the Functions of the Parish Minister." Dr. Blizard sent out some 1,600 detailed questionnaires to seven "panels of informants" in all but one (Nevada) of the 48 states, in every economic and social area, and from more than 20 major denominations.

Poll-Taker Blizard found that the greatest single change in the ministry is caused by "the rapid shift that is being made from the life of the village and the countryside to the urbanized mass society." More than eight of the questionnaire's eleven pages were designed to draw out a ministerial self-portrait. From them Dr. Blizard found that the ministers are asking themselves such questions as:

"Should the minister be a mediator between God and man or a servant of the congregation? Should he be a specialist or a general practitioner? Should the minister emphasize an all-knowing and all-powerful God or the ethical implications of the Gospel? Should he identify himself with the trends in the culture or be critical of our way of life? How should he divide his responsibility to the local church and the ecumenical or worldwide church?"

Purpose of his project, says Dr. Blizard, is to "face the realities of these ambiguities, to see in what way the seminary can give the minister the understanding and the tools with which to meet them."



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EDUCATION

The Great Dudge

To Londoners who happened to spot the notice in the *Daily Advertiser* one day in 1747, it must have seemed less an announcement than a boast: "There is now preparing for the press, and in great forwardness, in two volumes in folio, an English dictionary; etymological, analogical, syntactical, explanatory, and critical." Who could have undertaken such a gargantuan task? In 1755, when the two volumes came out, the world became aware that Samuel Johnson would forever be famous as Dictionary Johnson.

In its own day, few books caused a bigger stir than the *Dictionary*. But as the years passed and other dictionaries came out, the great book became overshadowed

booksellers got in touch with Johnson, persuaded him to compile a dictionary within three years. "But, Sir," remonstrated a friend, "how can you do this in three years . . . ? The French Academy, which consists of 40 members, took 40 years to compile their dictionary." "Sir," replied Johnson, "thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; 40 times 40 is 1600. As three to 1600, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Actually, it took Johnson a good deal longer than he thought. For nine years, balanced precariously in a chair with only three legs, he worked at his word lists in the garret of his Gough Square house. At first he had a lofty ambition: not only to rid the language of impurities, but to fix it permanently. "Our language," he wrote,

it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to seat . . . Now here were two men of the highest rank, the one, the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other, the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely."

There were also troubles of another sort. His band of scribes were a loyal but tragic crew: one was often drunk, another eventually died of consumption, still another came close to starving to death. Meanwhile, Johnson's wife Tetty died, a semi-alcoholic, and Johnson himself was forever in need of money (he was once arrested for a £5 debt).

Furthermore, Johnson had hoped to have Lord Chesterfield as his patron, but found himself merely cooling his heels in the great man's anteroom. "Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain . . . without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor." A patron, Johnson bitterly declared in the *Dictionary*, is "one who countenances, supports or protects. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery."

Convulsions & Hottentots. Even after the *Dictionary* came out, his worries continued. A critic named Thomas Edwards denounced the work as "a vehicle for Jacobite and High-flying tenets" and Johnson for "crouding" it with such "monstrous words" as "adespotick, amnicolist, androtomy." "Nearly one-third of this *Dictionary*," added Philologist John Horne Tooke, "is as much the language of the Hottentots as of the English." Years later the smug and able Noah Webster observed that confidence in the *Dictionary* "is the greatest injury to philology that now exists."

The great book's weaknesses seemed destined to outlive its merits. By modern standards Johnson knew too little of early English to be a thorough etymologist, and as a grammarian he failed because he believed that "the syntax of this language is too inconstant to be reduced to rules." He defined both *leeward* and *windward* as "towards the wind," thought that *pastern* meant "the knee of an horse." Some of his other definitions were jawbreakers. A cough, said he, is "a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity," and a *network* is "anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Though he hated the verbs *to bang*, *to coax*, and *to cajole*, he seemed to have an inordinate fondness for such polysyllabic wonders as *ballotation* (voting), *balneation* (bathing), and *campaniform* (to describe bell-shaped).

Longevity & Immortality. In spite of these deficiencies, Johnson's achievement was unique. Though he was not a great innovator, he used the best techniques of his time to produce a dictionary unsurpassed for more than a century. In Britain, the book became the model for a slew of supplements. The Germans made it a basis



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JOHNSON (WITH STICK) IN CHESTERFIELD'S ANTEROOM
Three Englishmen equal 1600 Frenchmen.

by the man. How good a dictionary was it? This week, on the 200th anniversary of its publication, Johnsonians could find the answers in two new studies: *Dr. Johnson's Dictionary*, by James H. Sledd and Gwin J. Kolb of the University of Chicago (University of Chicago Press; \$5), and *Young Sam Johnson*, by James L. Clifford, professor of English at Columbia University (McGraw-Hill; \$5.75).

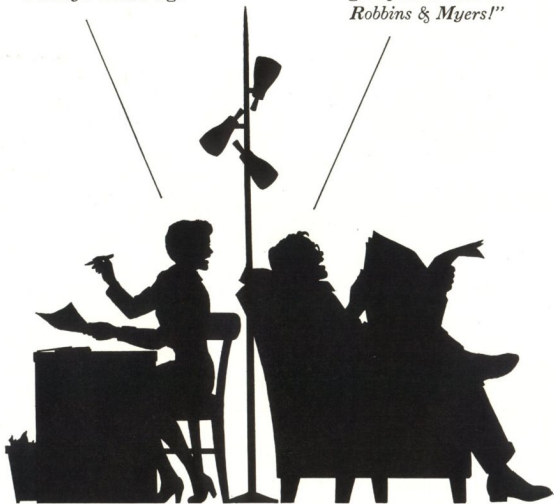
Barbarous Language. Sam Johnson was not the only man to realize the need for such a book. While learned academies in France and Italy had both compiled dictionaries for their own countries, Britons, said Dryden in 1693, "have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous." The best reference book around was Nathan Bailey's *Universal Etymological English Dictionary*, but the Bailey brand of definition, e.g., a mouse: "an animal well known," was hardly adequate. Finally, a group of

"for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonic* character, and deviating towards a *Gallick* structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it."

State or Seat? To find the best illustrations for each word, he combed his own library, plowed through stacks of borrowed books. But he soon realized that to be a judge of correctness was no easy job. "So commonly," he noted, "but not always, we exhort to good actions, we instigate to ill we animate incite and encourage indifferently to good or bad. So we usually ascribe good but impute evil, yet neither the use of these words nor perhaps of any other in our licentious language is so established as not to be often reversed by the correctest writers." Even pronunciation sometimes stumped him. "Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme to state; and Sir William Yonge sent me word that

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Tommy's broken leg!"*

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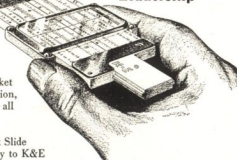
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for their own German-English dictionaries, and Voltaire urged the French Academy to follow Johnson's example. Though Johnson himself realized that he could never fix the language, he achieved another goal: to keep it as pure as possible and to give "longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal."

The greatest of all one-man English dictionaries, it was also a highly personal one, filled with Johnsonian humor. *Oats*, said he, are "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"; a *lexicographer* is "a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." How great a drudge was Johnson? "I knew very well what I was undertaking," he told Boswell years later, "and very well how to do it,—and have done it very well." After 200 years, Johnson's verdict on Johnson still holds good.

Report Card

¶ After completing a statewide survey on desegregation, the Texas Poll, a service financed by Texas newspapers, reported that the U.S. Supreme Court will have considerable difficulty enforcing its decision against Jim Crow schools. Of 1,000 Texans sampled, 45% said they favored maintaining segregation either by disobeying the law or finding a way to circumvent it. In other words, said the poll, any attempt at immediate integration will "stir up a storm of protest in Texas verging on public disrespect of the law."

¶ The activities of Bryant Bowles, head of the Negro-baiting National Association for the Advancement of White People, finally caught up with him in Delaware's Kent County courthouse. Last week Judge Arley Magee fined him \$600 for 1) urging the parents of Milford, Del. to violate the state school-attendance laws, and 2) conspiring with others to violate the laws and thus interfere "with the orderly administration of the school system."

¶ The Primary School Inspector of Paris reported that the nation's teacher and classroom shortage is raising havoc with the French school system: three out of ten pupils in preparatory courses, four out of ten pupils in second-year elementary courses, nearly half (46%) of all nine-to-eleven-year-olds, and up to 75% of those in their final elementary school classes, are at least a year behind their age groups.

¶ The Lake County (Fla.) school board added a sordid postscript to the saga of the Platt children (of Irish-Indian descent), who were barred from school in Mt. Dora because Sheriff Willis McCall arbitrarily decided that they are Negroes (TIME, Dec. 13, 1954 *et seq.*). By unanimous vote, the board fired Math Teacher Don Conway for giving his blessings to a high-school student petition urging that the Platt children be allowed to stay. Conway's only comment: "If giving the kids my moral support in what I consider a Christian act is guilt, then I guess I'm guilty."



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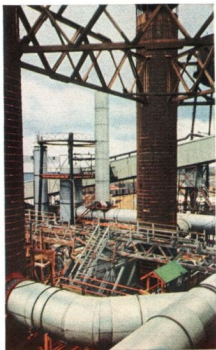
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MEMORANDUM

Subject: Public Relations Policy

To: Rayonier Division Managers

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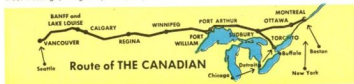
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MEDICINE

Altered Ego

Ever since Danish doctors altered George (later Christine) Jorgensen to suit his inclinations (TIME, April 20, 1953), there have been more and more reports of physically normal males asking surgeons for similar operations. Such surgery, prohibited in the U.S., effects no sex transformation; male sex organs are merely removed, and hormones administered.* Information about these operations has been scant, but some U.S. doctors feel that surgeons abroad are prompted more by pity for their patients than by facts about their disorders.

In the current A.M.A. Journal, University of California Psychiatrist Frederick G. Worden and Psychologist James T.



BOITON American-International
TRANVESTITE JORGENSEN
More pity than facts.

Marsh supply some of the facts about men who confuse their sex identity. They studied a group of American men of normal male appearance (testes, beard, etc.) who sought to lose their masculinity by surgery. Finding: each of the men really thought that he was a woman who had been given a man's body by mistake.

But despite their desire to resemble women, all the men shared "an extremely shallow, immature and grossly distorted concept of what a woman is like socially, sexually, anatomically and emotionally." The investigators found no indication that the men would be any better off as castrated males in women's clothing: "The idea of surgery seems to represent an escape from . . . sexual impulses rather than a wish for a female sexual life."

* Entirely different is the case of pseudohermaphrodites, whose genital organs are malformed so that they resemble those of the opposite sex; they can be helped by surgery to become normal men or women.

Although their varied backgrounds marked them as "unique individuals," the men shared many deep-rooted disturbances. Besieged by a sense of rejection, they felt that being a woman was the only way to win recognition and maintain self-esteem. They were undisciplined and impatient, notably in their request for surgery. They particularly remembered childhood incidents supporting the idea that they had been female from birth. All, to some extent, were transvestites, i.e., desired to wear women's clothes. They struggled against all overt signs of masculinity; one even had his heavy, black beard burned out by electrolysis. Intense sexual conflicts, ranging from prudery to deep feelings of guilt, were evident in all of them. Said one: "It's all dirty. If I could have the operations and dress in feminine clothes, I'd feel free and clean."

Drs. Worden and Marsh did not discover how physically normal males acquire a distorted perception of their sex identity. But they conclude that "the whole problem of how human beings normally get their sense of being a male or female" is not just a physical matter but a highly complex mind-and-body process that involves the entire personality.

Mabiki

The primitive Japanese rice farmer thinning out seedlings calls the process *mabiki*—to make intervals. Colloquially, the word means infanticide, used to space surviving children. In Japan today, the term might well find new use. Abortion is rampant, and human seedlings are being thinned as drastically as the tender rice shoots.

There are 2,000,000 births a year in Japan, and there is probably one abortion for each live birth, the University of Rochester's Dr. Wesley T. Pommerenke reports in *Obstetrical and Gynecological Survey*. This he believes to be the world's highest abortion rate, though he admits that it is impossible to prove the point statistically. Japan's abortions are legal, or almost so: the law permits them if there is danger to the mother's health or a likelihood that the child will be subnormal. In practice, reports Dr. Pommerenke, it is usually enough for a woman to say that her husband is out of work, or that it will be difficult for the family to feed another mouth.

Hospitals with government-approved abortion facilities are marked by special plaques at their entrances. No fewer than 8,000 of Japan's 85,000 practicing physicians have specific permits to perform abortions and have organized their own special society. In some hospitals a salaried doctor works systematically down a "destruction line," doing abortions under medically acceptable conditions. But in the side streets Dr. Pommerenke found cut-rate "clinics" that resembled abattoirs.

In a dozen years the birth rate in over-crowded Japan has fallen from 30 to about 23 per 1,000 per year. Only one-fifth of this drop, Dr. Pommerenke believes, has

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What can you wear *everywhere* this summer to look your trimmest, feel your coolest? The answer is the Virasil... a handsome new tropical suit that features another fabric-firm, another step forward in clothing progress constantly pioneered by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

In the summer of 1951, the ingenious combination of Dacron and worsted was first introduced by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Now, the beauty and wearability of this fine material is enhanced by the addition of silk.

Here is a brand new, grand new blend of natural and man-created fibers. It's an ultra-modern material that heightens fashion and resists wrinkles.



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The warp is Dacron wedded to wool, and the filling is Dacron, wool and silk. The latter gives the material its tiny, frosty "skinkles"... a television term meaning dramatic highlights.

The Virasil brings you tailoring that is faultless. The superiority of its style, comfort and appearance cannot be overemphasized. Fabric-experts, themselves, exclaim over the look and feel of this Dacron-worsted-silk combination... its fine texture and finish, its rich color-depth.

Here, truly, is something new, something different. And in telling you about it we just naturally resort to a few *verbal* skinkles.

Take note of your own reaction when you try on the Virasil. And that will be soon, no doubt... because you're probably not far from a fine store featuring Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

**HART
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& MARX** 

been brought about by contraception. The rest is due to abortions. One reason: knowledge of contraceptives has not reached many areas. But a more effective reason is that in the cities, where contraceptive knowledge and materials are readily available, many women take their chances on an occasional abortion. On the average it probably costs no more than \$5—less than the price of a year's supply of contraceptives. But Dr. Pommerenke believes that the cost to women in illness, sterility, emotional shock and sometimes even death cannot be computed.

Interracial Clinic

In Georgia's Macon County (pop. 65% Negro), the contrast between the unchanged Old South and the ever-changing New South is evident everywhere. Negro men and women study at famed Tuskegee Institute not far from where a few practitioners of voodoo still do a lively business. Last week Tuskegee Institute presented a scene that was unknown in the Old South and is still unfamiliar in the new. Four hundred Negro and white doctors from all over the U.S. met on the campus for the 43rd annual meeting of the John A. Andrew Clinical Society.* Ignoring segregation, they lived in the same guest houses, ate at the same tables.

When Dr. Booker T. Washington conceived the clinic in 1912 for "the study of morbid conditions" among the South's needy, Southern Negroes had few doctors, hardly any hospitals. But, as such "morbid conditions" began to recede, the clinic changed from a kind of emergency school for overworked, ill-equipped doctors to an increasingly learned seminar, is now the country's biggest, most active interracial clinic (others: St. Louis' city-owned Homer G. Phillips and Washington, D.C.'s Freedman's Hospital Clinics). White doctors, once only a handful at Andrew meetings, have been attending in increasing numbers, now make up more than a third of the delegates. Most of last week's meeting was devoted to abstruse professional papers, but delegates also sounded some highly practical notes:

¶ Cancer Specialist Dr. George Crile Jr. of Cleveland charged that some doctors are more concerned with fighting cancer than with helping cancer victims, warned that "radical" surgery may be killing more patients than it saves. He advocated a "little philosophy of fatalism" in cancer treatment.

¶ Chicago's Dr. Kenneth B. Babcock warned about the necessity of keeping accurate hospital records, cited the case of a 23-year-old woman who was sterilized at her own request. Only reason given in the records: "Moving to Wyoming."

¶ Dr. Samuel A. Levine of Harvard Medical School told the convention that relatively few patients with heart disease should have to be sent away from home for expensive diagnosis. In 90% of the cases, a family doctor with proper training should be able to make a diagnosis.

* Named for Governor Andrew of Massachusetts (1861-66), a determined foe of slavery.

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in 1/10 old-style time

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TIME, APRIL 18, 1955

Matters of Mood

Literature abounds with testimonials by narcotics addicts—De Quincey, Coleridge, Baudelaire, Cocteau—to the beauties of the never-land to which their favorite dope has transported them. Most medical textbooks have copied each other's statements that the effect of narcotics is uniformly pleasant. But most people who try a couple of shots out of curiosity find the effects (including nausea and vomiting) so unpleasant that they stop right there. Only a few persist and become slaves to the drugs. Why the difference? Three researchers at Harvard Medical School suspected that to become an addict, an individual needs not only persistence but a basic predisposition. Drs. John M. von Felsinger, Louis Lasagna and Henry K. Beecher ran careful tests with 20 young



Colver

ADDICT DE QUINCEY
Transportation to never-land.

men. The results, reported in the *A.M.A. Journal*, support their theory:

¶ Typical responses to amphetamine, a stimulant and not a narcotic, are alertness and a sense of well-being; to pentobarbital, well-being and drowsiness; to the narcotics heroin and morphine, disquiet and drowsiness. Anybody who reacts atypically to one, e.g., feeling sleepy after amphetamine, is likely to have unusual reactions to all the others.

¶ Subjects who showed typical reactions were those rated "well adjusted," had few emotional or sex problems. The atypical reactors were relatively aimless, drifting types; they had suffered from demanding fathers and overprotective mothers (some had married young to find a mother-substitute), and bristled with anxiety and hostility. They were also the heaviest drinkers.

¶ Those who found heroin or morphine pleasant were immature, impulsive, self-centered, anxious and hostile, and given to daydreaming or fantastic ambitions.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS First Quarter—and On

The upsurge in business has put a rosy glow on first-quarter corporate earnings. This was plain last week as some early-bird companies reported. General Tire & Rubber Co. announced that in its first fiscal quarter (from Dec. 1, 1954 through Feb. 28) it made a profit of \$2,236,310 on sales of \$63,574,233 v. a profit of \$1,851,515 on sales of \$44,130,274 a year ago. Pittsburgh Coke & Chemical Co., operating at about 85% of capacity in the first quarter v. 50% a year ago, said that its earnings are "much better" than 1954. Parke, Davis announced that first-quarter sales in 1955 were 12% ahead of last year and net profit showed a "substantial increase." Raybestos-Manhattan said that its first-quarter earnings will be at least 10% ahead of last year.

Almost every place businessmen looked, there were signs that the boom was still rolling, and there was little doubt that 1955's first three months had smashed all records for first-quarter activity. Some of the signs:

¶ The steel industry was operating at 94.3% of capacity v. 68% a year ago, and April production was expected to be even higher. Some mills were still three or four weeks behind delivery schedules.

¶ General Motors, Ford and Chrysler all reported record-smashing new-car sales. G.M.'s first-quarter sales of 893,978 cars (46.8% above the same period last year) were the best for any three-month period in its history. By selling 44,115 cars, Chrysler Corp.'s Chrysler Division cracked all previous first-quarter marks and was an amazing 70.1% ahead of a year ago. Ford announced that first-quarter sales of

its dealers totaled 1,017,773 cars and trucks, both new and used, an alltime high and 21% above the same quarter last year. The previously hard-pressed independents joined in the first-quarter boom. Both Studebaker-Packard and Nash-Hudson turned out almost twice as many cars (70,000 and 55,000 respectively) as they did during the first three months of 1954.

¶ Montgomery Ward reported that March sales were 13.3% above March 1954, while Sears, Roebuck announced that its volume, 15.3% ahead of a year ago, was the largest for any March on record.

¶ In February, personal income broke all records as it reached an annual rate of \$292,400,000,000 compared to the old peak of \$286,800,000,000, set in the third quarter of 1953.

¶ For the month ending March 15, the Commerce and Labor Departments reported that employment in the U.S. rose 539,000, to a total of 60,477,000 v. 60,100,000 in March 1954. Unemployment fell 207,000 to 3,176,000 v. 3,724,000 in March last year.

AGRICULTURE

The Squeeze

In the midst of the growing economic boom stands a lonely exception: the U.S. farmer. Farm income has been declining since the peak of February 1951; it dropped nearly 20% in the past four years, 10% in 1954 alone. Farm operating costs, however, remain at near-peak levels. At mid-March farm parity (the ratio between the prices that the farmer receives and those he pays out) dipped to 86, the lowest point since 1940 and 14% below the theoretical "fair" level.

The drop has stirred up a new battle in Washington over rigid v. flexible support prices. The House Agriculture Committee (with its Democratic majority) a fortnight ago charged that the "dangerous Government policy of lowering price supports" has "pauperized agriculture." To which President Eisenhower replied: "Not correct." The program will not be felt until '55 crops are ready for marketing.

Is the farmer really the forgotten man of the boom? Actually, he is doing better than figures of the past few years indicate. Since 1939, farmers' incomes have risen more sharply than nonfarmers' (276% against 189%). The purchasing power of individual farmers has also been disproportionately higher; it is up 70% since 1939, compared with a 50% hike for nonfarmers. Moreover, the trend from farm to city cut the number of farmers by 3.5% last year. Thus, per capita farm income last year rose slightly (from \$914 in '53 to \$918). At the same time per capita nonfarm income fell 3%, so that the farmer had a better year proportionately than his city brother.

In the Drought. But by and large, a farmer's prosperity depends on where he lives, and how good a farmer he is. In the drought-parched wheat-producing plains of eastern Colorado and western Kansas, where the moisture level has reached an alltime low, farm income has fallen as much as 75%. Some small farmers have quit and are moving to the cities or the oilfields. Big operators survived by cutting corners: laying off help, patching up equipment, postponing purchases.

To add to their troubles, last week the Federal Crop Insurance Corp., which has gone \$6,000,000 into the red insuring wheat against drought, announced that it was canceling next year's crop insurance in nine dried-out Colorado, Texas and New Mexico counties, covering 3,751 policyholders. Said Farmer George Pittman of Lamar, Colo., who saw his 642 acres of winter wheat blow away this year: "That crop insurance saved me. It was the only security I had in getting a loan. Now the bank has turned me down. I've got nothing."

In Mississippi, scourged by flood and frost as well as record cotton surpluses, Bolivar County Farm Agent T. V. Wiliford reported: "We are probably in as bad shape as when we plowed up cotton in 1933, or even worse."

Other areas boomed. A combination of good weather, lavish use of fertilizer and hard work gave wheat and pea growers their best yields in history in 1954. Last week one Washington farmer was building a \$100,000 home, including a Hollywood-style swimming pool. No one was selling his Cadillac or private plane in California's San Joaquin valley, where grape and fruit growers reaped good incomes. Farmer Sid Cruft (250 acres) reported last year as his worst in the past



Carl Iwasaki—Life

FARMER PITTMAN & DROUGHT-PARCHED WHEAT
It depends on where he lives and how good he is.

TIME CLOCK

half dozen, but the new Cadillac that he bought is too long to fit in his garage. In the Imperial valley farmers got around Government acreage slashes by upping their yields per acre and did almost as well as usual, while in Washington (peas, beans, barley, fruit) farmers also had a good year.

The Illinois farmer feels little pain. Iowa hog-corn growers have to sell three hogs to make as much as they did from two last year, but local bankers report no real withdrawal of savings. In northwest Minnesota, as elsewhere, farmers held on to last year's model cars, but when the Fargo, N. Dak. TV station opened, they rushed to get new TV sets.

On the Margin. The marginal farmer, however, is in trouble almost everywhere. He lacks the acreage to diversify, the size and know-how to utilize advanced technology and equipment, the cash reserve to tide him over. Said a Mitchel, S. Dak. real-estate broker: "The little fellow's got to have a crop each and every year or he's licked."

In Polk County, Iowa 80 farmers moved out, while others quit around Emporia, Kans. and in northern Oklahoma. Thousands of tenants gave up in Mississippi. Said a Greenville, Miss. cotton broker: "The 40-to-50-acre farmer just can't make it. He doesn't have the land to go into beans or oats. He can't afford farm storage for the beans, as required for a Government loan; he can't afford to buy a combine for such a small amount of grain, and all he knows how to grow is cotton anyway."

There is no doubt that the delayed postwar adjustment in farm prices is cleaning out inefficient and small farmers, just as the recurring postwar adjustments in industry have shaken out the least efficient producers. Said Louis H. Rochford, president of the Tejon Ranch Co. near Bakersfield, Calif.: "You can't be a shoestring operator any more. The farmer has to be a real businessman."

But last week there was also a growing feeling that the worst is over. Some products—notably beef and dairy—have gone through their readjustments and are on the upswing; the rest—wheat, poultry, rice, tobacco, cotton—are in the midst of the shake-out. The process, though painful to the individual farmer, is beginning to bring health to the entire farm economy. Said an Omaha banker, looking over his farmer clients: "They're solid now. They knew they were in a dream world before."

ATOMIC ENERGY

Giant Stride

Across the U.S. last week, nuclear energy for peacetime use took a giant stride forward. From the Atomic Energy Commission, which two months ago revealed a \$55 million project by the Consolidated Edison Co. of New York to build a 250,000-kw. atomic power plant near Peek-

SEWELL AVERY is getting some strong support in his bitter proxy war against Financier Louis Wolfson, who wants to take over Montgomery Ward. Two big institutional investors (Affiliated Fund, Inc. and American Business Shares, Inc.) announced that they will vote their total 105,000 Ward shares in favor of Avery. Midwest investment brokers, whose advice has a big bearing on how small stockholders vote, are also beginning to lean toward Avery.

WORLD TRADE will get a healthy boost from the U.S. Federal Reserve System. After a four-year lapse, Federal Reserve is again buying "bankers' acceptances," i.e., drafts drawn on banks that guarantee payment, usually in 90 to 180 days, used primarily by international traders.

THUNDERBIRD - CORVETTE race for the U.S. sports-car market is all Ford so far. In the first five months of production, Ford has delivered 5,925 Thunderbirds to customers, 1,900 more than total sales for Chevrolet's competing Corvette in almost two years. Ford's Thunderbird production line at Dearborn is on overtime and still two months (about 2,400 cars) behind orders.

UNITED AIR LINES, which has been flirting with the idea of buying turboprop transports, has decided to wait for a pure jet. Until the commercial jet age arrives, it will stick to standard piston-engined craft. It has placed a \$42.5 million order with Douglas for 15 more DC-7s (total fleet: 27), plus another eleven DC-6Bs for shorter hops.

FTC CHARGES against Philip Morris on grounds of misleading advertising have finally been dropped by the Federal Trade Commission after twelve years of battling. The company has stopped claiming that its cigarettes are less irritating than other

brands. But the FTC will press similar charges against Liggett & Myers (Chestersfield) for stating that Chesterfields are "milder," leave no "unpleasant aftertaste."

BIG-CITY STORES are far from dead, despite the recent swing to the suburbs, says B. Earl Puckett, chairman of the 75-store Allied Stores Corp. Puckett's chain, in big and middle-sized cities, did \$344 million worth of business last year, will spend \$20 million in the next 2½ years building new downtown stores.

APPLIANCE PRICES will drop this year, even though orders are likely to be 10% above 1954, predicts Westinghouse Electric President Gwilym A. Price. The reason: "Competition."

GENERAL SHOE CORP. is in hot water with the Justice Department over its acquisitions culminating in its recent purchase of Delman, Inc. The department argues that General's 18 purchases since 1950 have the net effect of creating a monopoly.

CONRAD HILTON, on whose hotels the sun never sets, is dickering to expand his far-flung empire (34 hotels operating or abuilding in seven countries) to West Berlin. Hilton is working out a deal with the Bonn government to put up a 400-bed, \$4,760,000 luxury hotel, the biggest in the Western sector.

CAMPBELL SOUP CO., biggest U.S. producer of soup and spaghetti (1954 sales: \$334 million) is moving into the frozen-food business in a big way. Campbell will take over Omaha's \$100 million C. A. Swanson & Sons (TIME, Dec. 20), which sells a wide range of frozen chickens, dinners, pies, etc., by trading its shares for all Swanson stock, will operate it under the current Swanson management and brand name.

kill. N.Y. (TIME, Feb. 21), came news that four more big public and private groups want to build atomic power stations in the East and Midwest.

The Yankee Atomic Electric Co., a group of twelve New England power companies, plans to build a 100,000-kw. nuclear plant in western Massachusetts, and hopes to have it finished by 1957. A second group of nine firms, including Detroit Edison Co., has asked permission to build another 100,000-kw. plant in the Detroit area by 1958. A third planner, Consumers Public Power District of Columbus, Neb., plans to have a 75,000-kw. nuclear reactor running in Nebraska a year later, while still a fourth group, including Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co., wants to build a bigger 180,000-kw. nuclear power plant near Chicago by 1960.

All told, the four plants will cost \$150 million, some 90% of which the public and private power groups are prepared to put up themselves. Together, they will add 455,000 kw. of electrical capacity to the

U.S. power total, enough to light 1,570,000 homes. Furthermore, the estimated costs of nuclear power are dropping rapidly. New York's Con Edison said that the electricity would cost only about 9 mills per kw-h v. 7.5 mills per kw-h for a standard, nonatomic power plant.

Besides the new plants, there was plenty of other progress on the atomic frontier last week:

¶ In Hartford, Conn., United Aircraft's Pratt & Whitney Division revealed that it would start work on its supersecret atomic plane-engine laboratory for the Air Force this July, and that it will cost \$30 million. The laboratory, to be paid for by the Government, will be finished by 1957, employ between 2,000 and 3,000 workers. 8.5% of P. & W.'s total Hartford work force.

¶ In Pittsburgh, Westinghouse Electric Corp., which is already building a nuclear reactor for the world's first atomic power plant and a \$2,000,000 atomic research center, announced a new plan to make Pittsburgh the "atomic capital of the

METROPOLITAN TRANSIT

Horsecar Management in Expressway Age

AMONG U.S. industries, none has a darker future than municipal transit. In only ten years, the transit companies in U.S. cities have lost almost half the 23 billion fares they carried yearly. At the same time, operating costs have soared (wages and equipment up almost 100%), and operating income (before bond interest and stock dividends) has plunged from \$149 million to \$41 million. Since 1947, 40 major companies have gone broke. Because of the rapid deterioration of transit facilities, downtown merchants are losing trade to the suburbs, office workers are quitting jobs in downtown business districts, and in the most heavily congested areas real-estate values are going down and urban blight is going up.

What is bankrupting transit is, to a great extent, U.S. prosperity. The rising standard of living means less need for the cheapest form of transportation. The five-day work week has cut Saturday transit traffic by 40% in most cities, and television keeps many riders home at night. But the biggest competition comes from the private automobile. While gasoline and tires were rationed during World War II, the transit companies prospered. But since 1945 millions of U.S. workers have turned their backs on the bus lines—including even bus drivers themselves. In San Francisco recently, a delegation of motemen and conductors, who get free passes on the transit system, demanded that the company provide a parking lot for the cars they drive to their jobs. (They did not get it.) Of 600,000 daily commuters to Los Angeles, an astonishing 480,000 somehow make it through traffic in 320,000 cars. But transit's problem is more than competition from automobiles. Even in New York City, where the shortage of parking space forces most workers and shoppers to ride the subways and buses, the municipally owned transit system is running a deficit of \$4,000,000 yearly, although some of the bus lines are making money.

As passenger traffic and income fell, many hard-pressed companies hoisted fares, cut services, or did both. They could hardly have done more to lose passengers. Without exception, fare increases turned passengers away, and started a vicious circle. As more bus riders turned to private cars, city traffic jammed up tighter, buses moved more slowly. Slower speeds forced companies to buy more equipment and hire extra drivers to meet schedules; thus the transit companies them-

selves helped to make traffic still worse. (A Chicago cable car in the 1890s crossed the Loop only 50 seconds slower than a \$20,000, 200-h.p. bus does today.)

Cost-cutting also ended the motor-man-conductor teams on streetcars, pushed onto the busy bus driver the added chores of change-making, direction-giving, etc. Nerves frayed by traffic, many drivers became rude and disagreeable, thereby turned still more customers away. Said the Houston Post: "Management and drivers . . . seem to be taking turnabout tapping nails into the coffin."

For a sick industry, drastic cures have been proposed, from outright federal subsidies to local tax relief, e.g., Spokane has agreed to bail out its transit company with \$53,000 yearly by lifting a street-use tax and snowplowing bus routes.

Some bus companies want special lanes on city streets; others are smugly sitting back on their deficits, confident that city governments will ultimately subsidize or buy them out. But no city wants to take over a white elephant; most municipalities are already hard-pressed to make ends meet. National City Lines, a Chicago holding company that controls some 40 transit companies in U.S. cities, e.g., Sacramento, Baltimore, Salt Lake City, has a standing offer to sell its companies to municipalities if it can continue to operate them, has yet to find a buyer.

The real solution is keeping, or winning back old passengers. Where this has been given a fair trial, it works. By providing fast service on a low (7¢) fare, educating its drivers in good passenger relations, New Orleans Public Service Inc. has kept passenger decline for the last three years to 2% or less. The city-owned Cleveland Transit System, which turned in an operating surplus for eight of the last ten years, has just opened an eight-mile rapid-transit rail line from the Union Terminal to East Cleveland, expects to bring in passengers by cutting 16 minutes off an old 34-minute bus ride. After Cleveland replaced streetcars on one route with a premium-fare (25¢), guaranteed-seat, super-express bus service, riders tripled. Cleveland Transit System General Manager Donald Hyde, who is also president of the American Transit Association, believes speed is transit's answer not only to the decline in passenger traffic but to rising costs. Says he: "If we can increase average speed one m.p.h., we save \$1,000,000 a year."

world" by building a second \$6,000,000 lab to do research and development work on peacetime uses for the atom.

¶ In San Francisco, Stanford University's Research Institute and the Atomic Industrial Forum held their first conference on peacetime atomic energy, drew 530 businessmen, engineers and scientists from every corner of the U.S. At the conference, such companies as Kaiser Engineers, Glenn L. Martin Co. and American Machine & Foundry reported that they were expanding their nuclear laboratories by as much as 300%, spending up to four times as much money as before. One group of 33 companies, banded together in a combine called Atomic Power Development Associates, announced that it was upping its budget to nearly \$4,000,000 this year (v. \$2,500,000 in 1954) for research on breeder reactors for nuclear power plants.

No businessmen at the conference thought that the Atomic Age had already arrived. Everyone agreed that it might be years before research on nuclear projects showed up on profit sheets. But the prospects are dazzling. Before the businessmen, Gordon Moleworth, an atomic energy consultant for a Manhattan brokerage firm, laid out the requirements for power plants alone during the next 20 years. Said he: By 1975 atomic power plants will be producing 100 million kw. annually, some 25% of the U.S. total. To build them, U.S. industry will need a capital of at least \$40 billion. Added Moleworth: "Beyond that, we have allowed nothing for domestic financing of power reactors and other nuclear facilities for the foreign market . . . For the investor there is no greater area of opportunity."

AVIATION

Successful Light Planes

In its monthly letter to salesmen, Wichita's Cessna Aircraft Co. could find only one way to describe business: "Sales are booming, booming, booming." Like the rest of the U.S. light-plane industry, Cessna is indeed in the midst of the biggest peacetime boom in its history. In 1955's first quarter alone, Cessna, Beech and Piper, the three top private plane makers, sold more than 1,000 planes, worth \$20.8 million, a full 40% better than last year. Reason: businessmen are flying nearly 4,000,000 hours annually, more than all the scheduled airlines put together.

One day last week eleven new Cessna planes, worth \$261,000, buzzed out of Wichita, for delivery to businessmen in five states. It was one of the biggest delivery days in Cessna history. Last year the company sold 1,199 commercial planes, worth \$15 million; this year it expects to hit \$30 million and pass Beech in dollar-volume as the biggest private plane maker. Beech Aircraft Corp., which sold \$22 million worth of commercial planes in 1954, is aiming at \$26 million. Piper Aircraft Corp. will increase its sales from \$11 million to \$16 million.

Bombers to Bobies. The new boom is all the more remarkable because the light-plane industry almost cracked up after



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He thinks he's going to his office — as usual. But at this minute his office is a roaring mass of flames! Before he arrives it will be completely gutted!

Fire Insurance? Sure — well covered. But that fire's going to put him out of business! You see he never knew that nearly half of all businesses that *lose their records* to fire never reopen their doors! Worse still, he didn't realize how securely (and economically) vital records

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

World War II. Concentrating on light, two-place personal planes for returning G.I.s and sportsmen, the plane makers had a few brief years of heady profits, then nose-dived when the war-inspired interest in private flying died down. By 1950 many of the hopeful new firms had gone broke, and the big three found the going rough. What gave them a lift was the new businessman-flyer, plus defense orders. With the increasing diversification of U.S. industry, thousands of businessmen found flying a necessity. But up to then, most of their planes were war-surplus bombers and transports that cost up to \$100 an hour to fly, were useless away from the long runways of big-city airports. To solve the problem, the plane makers designed a new class of baby, four- and five-place executive planes that ranged in price from \$6,500 to \$50,000, had top speeds of 220 m.p.h. Within two years, executive planes accounted for an estimated 80% of all commercial light-plane production (v. only 7% in 1946).

Big companies such as General Motors, Continental Oil, Dow Chemical and Coca-Cola added the new planes to their transport fleets. More important, hundreds of small and medium-sized businessmen discovered that they could afford to fly. With four people in a plane, seat costs dropped as low as 5¢ per mile (v. 5¢ for scheduled airliners). The added savings in time and energy getting to remote spots was incalculable. Lumbermen bought planes to appraise mountain tracts more easily; ranchers used them for aerial roundups; construction men, uranium hunters, salesmen, all took to the air.

In Grass Lake, Mich., G.E. Archenbronn, president of Radio-Television Products, bought a Cessna 180 in 1953 for quick trips between the home office and a California plant, has now flown 100,000 miles on company business, occasionally takes his family along. Milwaukee Publisher Ken Cook shelled out \$20,000 for his first Beech Bonanza in 1954. He was able to call on so many more customers that he credits the plane with doubling his business to \$500,000 last year, confidently expects to top \$1,000,000 in 1955. Even Cowboy Star Gene Autry has turned flyer, bought a twin Beech light transport to whip around the U.S. on his singing tours.

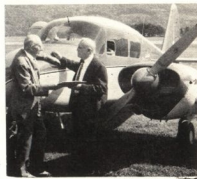
Twins for All. The light plane makers are now going in for bigger twin-engine executive craft. Since 1949 every major company has brought out a "baby twin." Though these planes cost up to \$95,000, businessmen are snapping them up as fast as they come off the assembly lines. Beech alone sold 115 of its speedy (205 m.p.h.) Twin Bonanzas last year for \$8,740,000, nearly 40% of its entire commercial business; Piper has produced more than 200 light, relatively inexpensive (\$35,000) Apache models, including one for General Motors Director Charles F. Kettering. Cessna's new \$49,950 Model 310, first introduced last summer (TIME, Aug. 9), is now coming out of the factory at the rate of one a day, and orders are booked solid into November.



AUTRY & BEECH D18S



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The plane makers estimate that at least 150,000 U.S. businessmen are prime prospects for light planes, with another 200,000 potential customers just over the horizon.

UTILITIES

Plan for TVA

The three commissioners who run the Tennessee Valley Authority face a tough problem. The seven-state TVA region is growing so fast that it needs \$150 million a year in new power facilities. But only half of that expansion can be financed by TVA's revenues. And Congress, which has refused for two years to appropriate the difference, seems unlikely to change its mind even though it is now a Democratic Congress. Last week the commissioners submitted to Congress a plan that would 1) get them the additional money needed for expansion, and 2) put TVA on the same operating basis as private utilities.

Under the plan, TVA would issue its own bonds. They would be paid off out of TVA's revenues and would not be

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April 6, 1955

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guaranteed by the Treasury, hence "would not add to the national debt." TVA also wants authority to work out deals with state, municipal and other bodies, whereby the local groups would build new plants and either sell TVA the power or lease it the plants. To get TVA functioning under the same conditions as private utilities, the commissioners want to raise their rates to cover all expenses. Any surplus would be used to pay off the Treasury's \$1 billion investment in TVA and pay interest on the unpaid balance. (TVA has paid back \$151 million of the investment, but pays no interest on the remainder.)

First reactions to the plan were good. It looked as if the Administration would endorse it, and even pro-TVA Senators were giving their grudging support simply because it would provide the agency with funds for expansion. Said Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, top congressional defender of TVA: "In the end our choice may . . . be between something not so good and no expansion." Said the pro-TVA Memphis *Press-Scimitar*: "TVA has come up with what we believe are good suggestions for financing its own expansion . . . We hope that . . . Congress will permit TVA to sit on its own financial bottom."

LABOR

G.A.W. First Round

The battle for the guaranteed annual wage in the auto industry got off to a start last week in an atmosphere of small-town friendliness. Gone was the hostility that has occasionally marked the opening of contract negotiations between the C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers and General Motors. As the bargaining teams gathered in a carpeted conference room of Detroit's massive G.M. Building, there were beaming smiles all around. On one side of the 20-ft. glass-topped table sat the 18-man auto workers' committee, led by Vice President Jack Livingston, 46, one of the founders of the U.A.W. and now respected as one of labor's slickest horse-traders. Opposite was ranged the 23-man G.M. team, headed by Vice President Harry Anderson, 64, a lawyer who worked his way up from a small G.M. subsidiary to chief of all company labor relations.

Although the auto workers presented a full list of contract improvements, by far the biggest and most costly issue was G.A.W. The union wants G.M. to guarantee that all hourly-paid workers will be paid for 52 weeks of the year—whether they work or not. If the employee works but one day of the week, says the union, he should be paid a full week's wages; if he is laid off in advance, his state unemployment compensation should be supplemented by G.M. so that he can maintain his normal standard of living. In addition, U.A.W. is asking for a 5.3¢-an-hour wage increase, a boost in the 2½% annual wage credit for increased productivity, better pensions, a better health plan and other fringe benefits. Estimated total cost to G.M.: as much as \$1 billion yearly. G.M.'s Harry Anderson said the first meeting was harmonious, that the company will do

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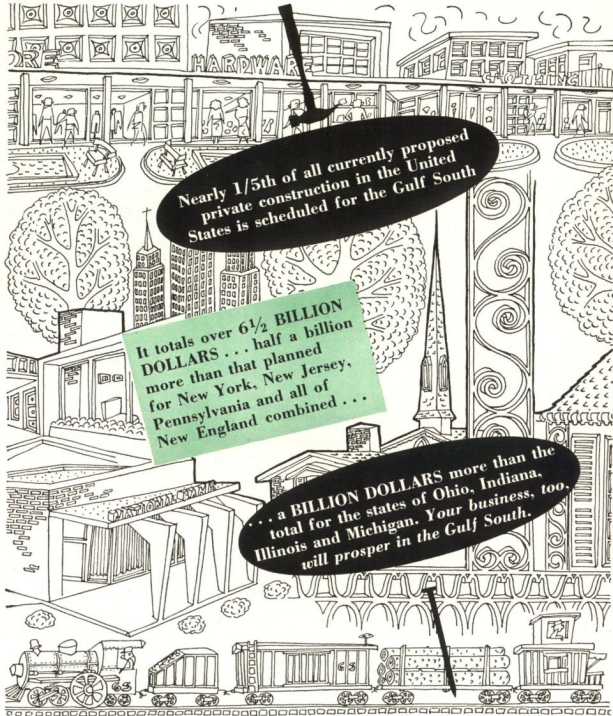
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TIME, APRIL 18, 1955



Ars Longa

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"the best we can get a satisfactory settlement," but kept mum on what G.M. thought of the U.A.W. offer and what its counteroffer will be.

Divide & Conquer. This week Ford Motor Co. was to be served with a similar union demand, in the Silver Room of the Detroit-Leland Hotel. As the bargaining began, U.A.W. (and C.I.O.) President Walter Reuther sat back in his second-floor office at Solidarity House (U.A.W.'s elegant headquarters), ready to manipulate his teams by private telephone lines to each conference suite. He also soft-pedaled strike talk. When a newsman asked whether the auto workers will strike, Reuther replied: "If I knew the answer—and I don't—I wouldn't tell you."

Since G.M.'s contract expires May 29, and Ford's on June 1, the showdown—and possible strike—will come by early summer. In Detroit, automen were betting that a strike, if called, would be against Ford only, because Ford's 335,000 members would cost the U.A.W. little more than a third of the union benefits required for G.M.'s 325,000 members.

Cars in the Bank. If a strike does come, both G.M. and Ford will be in good shape to meet it. By setting alltime production records with 1955 models, the auto industry has not only kept pace with booming sales, but built a backlog of some 600,000 cars, enough to last the dealers five weeks. Moreover, a cutback in production would end the fat discounts auto buyers are now getting, thereby restore the dealers' normal profit on each new car.

The question of how much the rank and file wanted to strike for G.A.W. was problematical. Actually, the older workers already have a form of guaranteed wage because, under the seniority system, they are laid off last during seasonal production fluctuations or model changeovers. It is the newer workers who would benefit the most from G.A.W. Thus the chief support for it came from them. In general, there seemed to be no great enthusiasm for a strike. But there was no doubt that if Reuther called a walkout over G.A.W., the membership would go along with him.

Unhappy Birthday

Just before dawn one morning a year ago, cars sped up to the factory gates of the Kohler Co. in Kohler, Wis. Out jumped scores of determined men who promptly began picketing the plant. Last week the same union pickets shuffled along the sidewalks at the plant gates, as the United Automobile Workers strike against Kohler of Kohler celebrated its first unhappy birthday. It is one of the longest-lasting major strikes in the U.S.

The specific strike issues are now obscured. What started as a walkout over ordinary union demands—for a 20¢ hourly wage hike, a union shop, seniority rights, arbitration of grievances—has turned into an old-fashioned finish fight between the nation's No. 2 union and its No. 2 plumbing-fixtures manufacturer. The union vowed war "until doomsday." Said Kohler: "No outsider can determine our operation."



KOHLER'S KOHLER
Behind the porcelain curtain.

Persistent Paternalism. The Kohler Co., founded in 1873 by Austrian Immigrant John M. Kohler, has always been something of a maverick. Family-owned, the bathtub barony answered to no outside board of stockholders, and had its own policy toward the hired help. Walter Kohler Sr., second-generation boss of the firm, housed Kohler workers in a beautiful model town, but would not give his workers the right to bargain collectively. An A.F.L. strike for union recognition in 1934 cost two lives, saw the strikers stone and dent the Kohler plant's front door, brought in the National Guard, ended with the union defeated (see cut). Eighteen years later labor attacked again, and this time breached the porcelain-hard curtain: the U.A.W. won an NLRB election, recognition as the employees' bargaining agent and a contract which the U.A.W. called "inferior."

But last year, when the U.A.W. tried to improve its contract, the Kohler wage was high as ever. Company President Herbert Kohler, 63, who succeeded his late brother Walter, turned down mediation pleas even from his own nephew, Walter Jr., the governor of Wisconsin.

Continuing Strike. Last week, despite the strike, a steady stream of artillery shells, precision instruments, pink wash-basins and peach bathtubs flowed off the Kohler assembly lines. The company hinted that it had 3,000 men at work, as against 3,300 before the walkout, said it was operating at a profit. The union conceded that Kohler had 1,800 employees at work, but claimed that 2,800 of the 2,850 U.A.W. members who walked out last year were still holding out. The strike had already cost the union some \$4,000,000 in benefits—\$5 weekly to each striker for "jingling money," plus rent and food vouchers. Cost to the union was rising by \$350,000 more each month—and there was no settlement in sight.

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MILESTONES

Married. Arline Judge, 45, much-mated cinemactress; and Edward Cooper Heard, 40, inventor-businessman; she for the seventh time (among the others: Director Wesley Ruggles, tin-plate millionaire brothers Dan and Bob Topping), he for the second; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Married. Mohammed Ali, 46, Prime Minister of Pakistan; and Aliya Saadi, 28, Ali's former social secretary; he for the second time, she for the first; in Beirut, Lebanon. Still married to Hamida, mother of his two sons, Ali took his second wife under Moslem law, which permits a man to have four wives at a time if they are treated "with justice and equity."

Died. Theda Bara (real name: Theodosia Goodman), 65, heavy-lidded vamp of the silent screen (*The Serpent of the Nile*, *Camille*, *The Vampire*); of cancer; in Los Angeles. Cincinnati-born Theda Bara scored her first success in 1914 as the irresistible temptress of *A Fool There Was* ("Kiss me, my fool!"), was soon billed as "The Wickedest Woman in the World," became the subject of some of the most elaborate and preposterous pressagentry in screen history. Her first name, the publicists pointed out, was an anagram of "death," her last name "Arab" spelled backwards. She was born, they said, of a French artist and an Arabian princess in the shadow of the Sphinx, and was possessed of such combustible Circe charms that her contract forbade her to ride public conveyances or go out without a veil. Her public ate it all up. She slithered her way through 40 carbon-copy roles in the next five years, upped her salary from \$150 to \$4,000 a week, retired in 1921 to marry Director Charles Brabin and live the quiet life of a well-fed, well-to-do suburban matron.

Died. Karl Hofer, 76, director of West Berlin's Academy of Art and dean of German expressionist painters, famed for his rigid studies of lonely, slab-faced men and women (*Time*, Aug. 18, 1952); of a stroke; in Berlin. Old Rebel Hofer was damned by the Nazis as "degenerate" after his widely praised oil, *The Wind*, won the Carnegie International jury's \$1,000 first prize in 1938. He continued to paint in secret, lost some 300 paintings in an Allied bombing raid in 1943, but set doggedly to work at war's end to reproduce them from memory and photographs, was Germany's best-known painter at his death.

Died. Brigadier General John Hartman Morgan, 79, British lawyer and top authority on constitutional law; at Wootton Bassett, England. General Morgan was legal adviser to the American War Crimes Commission at Nürnberg from 1947 to 1949, advised the prosecution in the postwar treason trial of Nazi broadcaster William ("Lord Haw Haw") Joyce, which led to Joyce's hanging in 1946.

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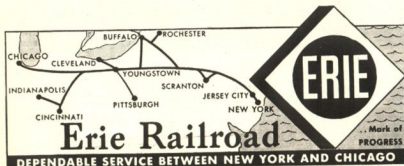
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Long John Silver (Treasure Island Pictures; D.C.A.), "Sealed in blood!" croaks Long John Silver to his sidekick, Jim Hawkins, as they skulk in the corner of a dingy pothouse and plot their return to Treasure Island. Old Cap'n Flint, it seems, left many more doubloons in the dunes than he ever told Robert Louis Stevenson about. There are £900,000 of them, to be exact, and that explains (though it hardly justifies) all this supererogatory yo-ho-ho on a dead man's chest.

However, Author Stevenson would probably not complain about a sequel, and children under ten, for whom this picture is presumably intended, most assuredly will not.

Made in Australia for a mere \$1,000,000, *Long John Silver* is a pretty crude imitation, as economy cruises are apt to be, of the deluxe \$1,650,000 made-in-England original, Walt Disney's *Treasure Island* (TIME, July 24, 1950). On deck once again is the cutthroat pirate crew, the boy in the apple barrel (Kit Taylor this time), the mutiny, the mad castaway, the attack on the fort—even the same rented parrot, or its Aunt Polly. Luckily, there is also the same actor to play Long John Silver: Robert Newton.

Actor Newton dares to play the lovable old rascal as no one since Wallace Beery would: that is to say, he blatheringly overplays him with the ear-flapping, eye-wogging, nose-swallowing abandon of a man who is trying, with both hands tied behind his back, to get a particularly persistent fly off his face. "Milk!" Newton splutters, staggering back, clutching wildly at his throat and shuddering like the plague. "I be pizen!" The way he walks, anybody would think he had at least twelve peg legs instead of one, and the way he talks, "Jim Oar-kins" and "Trays-sher Eye-lund" sound like scrumptiously pleasurable belches.

But the best line of all falls to Pirate No. 2 (Lloyd Berrell), a Spaniard who twirls his gleaming black mustachios and promises Pirate No. 1: "I weel peel you like a mango!"

Marty (Hecht and Lancaster; United Artists). "Marty," says Mrs. Pilletti to her 34-year-old son, as he moves in on the evening plate of spaghetti after a hard day in Mr. Otari's butcher shop, "why don't you go to the Stardust Ballroom [tonight]?" Marty (Ernest Borgnine) tries to look unconcerned. "Ma, when you gonna give up? You got a bachelor on your hands. I ain't never gonna get married." But his mother (Esther Minciotti) can't let well enough alone, and finally Marty bursts out bitterly, "Whatever it is that women like, I ain't got it. . . . I'm a fat little man, a fat ugly man. . . . All that ever happened to me. . . . was girls made me feel like I was a bug. . . . I got feelings. . . . I had enough pain. No thanks, Ma. . . . You

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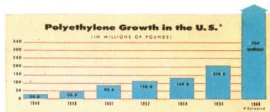


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know what I'm gonna get for my trouble?
... A big night of heartache!"

And yet, even heartache is easier to take than a Saturday night at home in The Bronx. After a while, Marty and his pal Angie (Joe Mantell) ankle over to the Stardust Ballroom to see what's around. "Hey, there's a nice-lookin' short one f'ya," Angie says. Marty asks her for a dance. She says she doesn't feel like it just now, thank you. Marty turns away pale: that's enough of that for one night.

Then all at once something very peculiar happens. A guy comes up to him and wants to know would he like to make five bucks. For what, Marty asks. The guy says, for taking a "dog" home: "I got stuck on a blind date." Marty is horrified. "You just can't walk off on a girl like that!" he gasps. The guy shrugs and pedals off and somebody else gets the fin, but the girl (Betsy Blair) won't



BORGNE & BLAIR
Pennies in the gutter.

have any part of this deal. She goes out on the fire escape and cries. Marty goes out after her and, knowing exactly how she must feel, tries nobly to take the curse off what has happened.

He asks her to dance. "You're not such a dog as you think you are!" he says, trying to sound enthusiastic. They get talking and then they go for a walk. All at once they're both feeling all full of beautiful colors and Marty starts telling her things he never told anybody before—hardly even himself—about the war and the awful time after he came home. He can't stop talking and people are looking at them but neither of them notices until all at once in the craziest place right beside a big empty brick wall with his heart shining out of his face and his eyes filling up he hears himself saying in a shaky voice, "Yuh got a real nice face! Really a nice face!"

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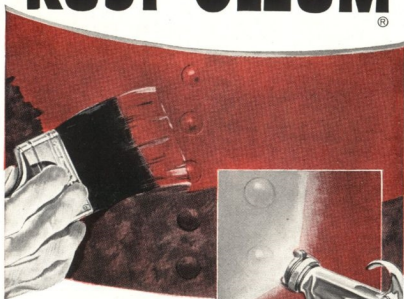
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AT RIGHT: Applying Rust-Oleum Gray (One of Many Rust-Oleum Colors for Rust Prevention and Decorative Beauty).



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- ☐ Complete Literature and Color Chart for Farm Use.
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Lights does more deep and tender credit to the human race than this one. Like a penny in the gutter, a heart catches the light. It isn't much, and there are millions like it, but it's coin of the realm, and only a proud child, no matter what his age, will pass it by.

Playwright Paddy Chayefsky scatters such sidewalk epiphanies with a liberal hand through this almost too clever script, which he adapted from his own television play. Many of his coins go down the drain and others are too bright and shiny for belief; but at his best this writer, who was born and raised in a Jewish-Italian part of The Bronx, can find the vernacular truth and beauty in ordinary lives and feelings. And he can say things about his people that he could never get away with if he were not a member of the family.

Wonderful, too, is Chayefsky's sense of the pathos of place—drab little row-frame houses, fluorescent luncheonettes, maverick taxis under the El pillars in the night city. And along with the places, Chayefsky and Director Delbert Mann reproduce precisely the life that goes on in them. The whole truth and nothing but the truth about the unattached male is told in one hurtlingly funny shot of the stag line at a public dance hall. And the scenes of porch life and corner lounging ("So whatta we gonna do, huh?") are little epigrams of futility.

The actors, under shrewd direction, prove almost everywhere as good as their material. Joe Mantell is the living image of a lamppost primitive. Betsy Blair is fully convincing as the sort of plain Jane whose homeliness is only skin-deep. Ernest Borgnine as Marty lives up to all the promise he showed as the sadist in *From Here to Eternity*, and at the same time brilliantly shatters the type-cast he molded for himself in that picture. His Marty is fully what the author intended him to be—a Hamlet of butchers.

CURRENT & CHOICE

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Hunters of the Deep. The camera grazes on beauty in the ocean pastures (TIME, Feb. 14).

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on Colette's novel, *Le Blé en Herbe* (TIME, Jan. 24).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Oscar-winning Actress Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

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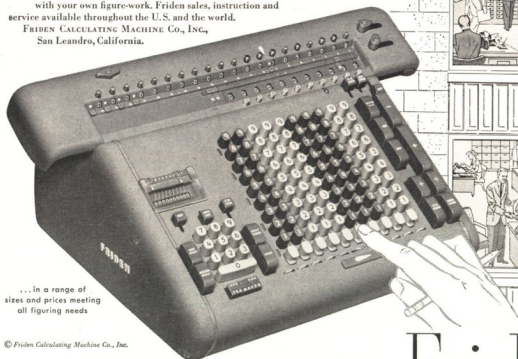
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TIME, APRIL 18, 1955

Friden





These two Quonsets—a dairy cattle housing demonstration and research project—are at one of the many colleges and universities with which National research men work to improve farm buildings.

THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

Now they call it a "Working Tool"

Not so long ago, a barn was considered merely a shelter.
Then, along came a revolutionary idea in steel . . .

For generations, the old-fashioned barn didn't change.

But all around it, out in the fields, there was tremendous progress.

New methods of plowing, planting, harvesting. New developments in hybrid seeds, insecticides, fertilizers, farm machinery.

Then, after World War II, the barn began catching up with progress.

A building pioneered by our Stran-Steel Division appeared. And with its arrival came the new idea that a farm building should be a "working tool."

That building was the Quonset—fabricated of Stran-Steel nailable framing and galvanized sheets.

A new way of thinking

To begin, research men of National Steel looked at farm buildings in this new light. They saw them as tools, rather than buildings. Tools versatile enough to do many jobs, take much of the work out of farming, let livestock do much of the work themselves.

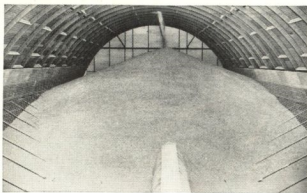
To develop their working tool concept on the farm, National Steel's

research men—working closely with specialists at leading agricultural colleges and universities throughout the nation—started with a building that already had gained international fame during World War II—the Quonset.

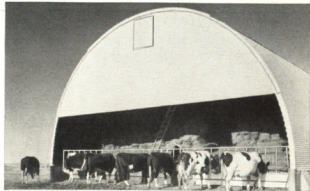
Grain drying and storage

Tackling the farmer's eternal problem of weather, National Steel's research men adapted the Quonset for grain drying and storage.

This Quonset, equipped with a drying and aeration system, makes it



In this Quonset grain drying and storage building, air is circulated through grain by means of tunnel seen in foreground. Building protects grain from spoilage and weather.



This Quonset hay drying and self-feeding building with a movable manger enables dairy cattle to literally eat their way into shelter, reducing the farmer's labor and feed costs.

possible to dry grain crops with natural air, and provide safe storage with no spoilage worries.

Today Quonset owners recognize their steel grain storage buildings as tools which save more from their harvests, keep crops at highest quality, provide greater marketing profits, and reduce weather worries.

Hay drying and cattle self-feeding

Further study of the working tool concept resulted in the Quonset hay drying and self-feeding barn.

Livestock specialists working with National Steel found that by using this building, hay was of better quality, cattle would eat more, and cost of milk production would decline.

When this Quonset is equipped with movable mangers, cattle feed themselves and literally eat their way into shelter. This feature sharply reduces feed bills and labor costs. And with post-free construction, it is much easier to handle cattle and keep facilities clean with power equipment.

Today's progressive farmers are finding Quonsets ideal for every farm

job — drying, conditioning, storing crops; sheltering, feeding, caring for animals; protecting and maintaining expensive machinery.

What about the future?

In the words of one of America's leading agricultural authorities: "The new look in farm buildings emphasizes utility and versatility—two qualities that make a building work harder and make more money for its owner. This is one of the important ways farmers can meet the challenge of greater productivity with dwindling labor supply and rising operating costs."

That is why National Steel's research is directed toward the goal of making every farm building a versatile year-round, multi-use working tool that earns more for its owner by saving labor, lowering costs, and by improving quality of the product.

We at National Steel believe the working tool concept of buildings will continue to grow in acceptance and expand in application—not only on the farm but in industry and commerce as well. Its great strength is in the metal that makes it both possible and economical—steel.

Steel serves in many ways

Steel has played a vital role in giving our nation the highest standard of living the world has ever known. It works in many fields. It has solved many problems in our automotive and canning industries, and wherever steel has been called upon to serve.

Truly, steel is America's great bargain metal. And it is our constant goal, through research and cooperation with our customers, to continue to produce still better steels for a better America . . . now and in the future.

NATIONAL STEEL

GRANT BUILDING



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Meeting every need for efficient machinery storage and maintenance, this new Rigid-Frame Quonset provides easy-in, easy-out handling of equipment.

BOOKS

Martyr of Thought

THE CRIME OF GALILEO (338 pp.)—*Georgio de Santillana—University of Chicago* (\$5.75).

In the gallery of what might be called martyrs of thought, the image of Galileo recanting before the Italian Inquisition stirs the minds of educated modern men second only to the picture of Socrates drinking the hemlock. That image of Galileo is out of focus, in the view of M.I.T.'s Professor Georgio de Santillana, because it has been distorted by three centuries of rationalist prejudice and clerical polemics.

To refocus it clearly, within the logic of its own time, Author de Santillana has written *The Crime of Galileo*, a masterly

a painter friend's proposed coat of arms for pedants: "A fireplace with a stuffed flue, and the smoke curling back to fill the house in which are assembled people to whom dark comes before evening."

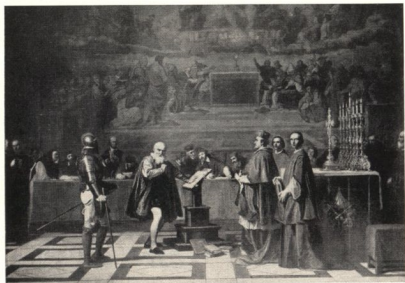
In 1610, the 45-year-old Galileo tried to poke his telescope through the stuffed flue of the Ptolemaic-Aristotelian universe, and ran into trouble. In any other hands, the telescope might have been only a passing novelty. In Galileo's it pointed back to a neglected but explosive treatise called *Revolution of the Celestial Orbs*, written a half-century before by Astronomer Nicolaus Copernicus. On mathematical grounds, Copernicus had questioned the natural philosophy of Aristotle and the astronomy of Ptolemy which taught that the earth stood still in the

a "scandal," to Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, then the church's chief theologian. The rebuke which Galileo received at the hands of Bellarmine's Holy Office in 1616 (year of the deaths of Shakespeare and Cervantes) was mild. In sum, he was ordered not to "hold or defend" the proposition that the earth revolved around the sun. Galileo did not interpret this as a gag order, and over the next eight years cautiously busied himself, in letters and pamphlets, with thinly disguised proselytizing for the Copernican view.

Tactical Affront. Ironically enough, it was under the prompting of Pope Urban VIII that Galileo began *Dialogue on the Great World Systems*, the masterpiece for which he was to be punished by the Inquisition. Warily checking his signals with the Pontiff, Galileo found that the Pope had only two reservations: 1) the Copernican theory must be treated as a hypothesis, not as a certainty, and 2) since God was omnipotent and might create and govern the universe in any way He chose, Galileo was to put forth no proposition which "necessitated" God to operate in any one fixed way. Galileo abided by the Pope's injunctions, but committed the tactical affront of putting Urban VIII's words and viewpoint in the mouth of the simplest-minded character in the *Dialogue*, a doctrinaire Aristotelian named Simplicio. The powerful Jesuit faction, which advised the Pope, had no trouble convincing him that he had been made a fool of and that Galileo's views were "potentially more disastrous than Luther or Calvin." In 1633 Galileo stood before the Inquisition.

The ten cardinals of the Inquisition were legally embarrassed. The charges against Galileo were a flimsy rehash of the 1616 affair, and the evidence fell some distance short of proving heresy. In the end, Galileo was condemned largely on the ground that he had willfully violated Bellarmine's so-called "injunction" of 1616. Aside from its melodramatic trappings, e.g., the threat of torture (the use of which was never remotely contemplated, according to De Santillana), the drama of the Inquisition lies in Galileo's abject recantation of his life's work. For this, Author de Santillana offers plausible reasons. Galileo was in his 70th year, ill and afraid. Moreover, he was a devout Catholic. "He had realized at last that the authorities were not interested in truth but only in authority . . . Moralists historians . . . forget that he was a member of the Apostolic Roman communion and had to submit in some way."

Policemen of the Mind. It was the misfortune of Galileo to be caught in the crossfire between a retreating age of faith and an advancing age of reason. It was the misfortune of his inquisitors to think that they could be better defenders of the faith by becoming policemen of the mind. Author de Santillana unobtrusively underlines the story's modern parallels and quotes Galileo's ominous comment when he felt the first stirrings of thought control: "These are the innovations which are bound to lead to the ruin of states and



GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION

In the crossfire between retreating faith and advancing reason.

intellectual whodunit which traces not the life but the mental footsteps of Galileo on his road to personal tragedy. Brilliant, but rarefied, the book will appeal especially to those who like to watch a drama of ideas played out against the baroque backdrop of 17th century Italian intrigue.

Stuffed Flues. Galileo Galilei was born in 1564, a vintage year of the Renaissance that saw the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Michelangelo. He was himself one of the last universal figures of the age. At 22, he produced a hydrostatic balance (a device for measuring the specific gravities of objects), went on to construct the first astronomically usable telescope and perfect the law of the motion of falling bodies. He was equally at ease pruning his Florentine vineyards or penning satiric verse. For years, Galileo grubbed away in underpaid mathematical teaching posts without losing his love of learning or his abiding contempt for the ossified scholars of his time. He subscribed delightedly to

center of the universe while the heavens revolved around it every 24 hours, and had gone on to suggest that, perhaps, the earth revolved around the sun. Everything Galileo could see through his telescope convinced him that Copernicus was right.

40,000 Brothers. The more thoughtful members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy still had open and even somewhat divided minds on the subject, and the Copernicus-Galileo theory might have prevailed if disgruntled scholars and disputatious monks had not begun a muttering campaign against Galileo which forced the issue prematurely. Yet Galileo was held in such esteem that when a Dominican monk thundered that mathematics was of the Devil, and that mathematicians should be banished from Christian states, the preacher-general of the order apologized to Galileo by letter: "Unfortunately, I have to answer for all the idiocies that thirty or forty thousand brothers may and do actually commit."

The spreading controversy looked like

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to the subversion of commonwealths."

The Inquisition banned the *Dialogue* and put the old man under house arrest to live out his thirty remaining years. And in 1893, he won the fight he had lost 260 years before: by papal encyclical his views became official church doctrine.

Mixed Fiction

THE *CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD*, by José María Gironella (2 vols., 1,010 pp.; Knopf; \$10), is the first installment of a vastly ambitious novel by a Spaniard who fought on the Franco side in the Spanish civil war and has set out to tell his country's tragic story from the beginning of the republic (1931) to the present. *Cypresses* covers the first five years of political unrest, ends twelve days after the beginning of civil war. Gironella tries to mirror every segment of Spanish society, from wild-eyed anarchists to stuffy professors, "from the bishop to the boot-black." The novel's hero, if it has one, is Ignacio, son of a poor but intelligent civil servant. His mother is a devout Catholic, his brother a saintly boy headed for the priesthood. Ignacio's dilemma is that he likes to see things whole, can swallow neither the fiery threats and promises of the anarchists and Communists nor the sterile programs of the conservatives. He hates poverty, but he also hates violence. As he sees the violence building up, he becomes steadily more neutral. Novelist Gironella shares in this neutrality: unlike most books about the Spanish civil war, *Cypresses* tries to be scrupulously impartial.

The novel's last hundred pages have the dreadful fascination of a bloody documentary as the Communists and anarchists take over and install a reign of terror. Unfortunately, Author Gironella is an un-inspired writer who counts heavily on repetition and wearisome detail. Yet even as it stands, *Cypresses* may easily become a must for those who want to know how the Spanish civil war came about.

THE ACCIDENT, by Dexter Masters (406 pp.; Knopf; \$4), tensely tells the story of an atomic scientist who momentarily "lost control" during a tricky Los Alamos experiment and eventually dies of radiation disease. "What's the dose, Charley?" asks Louis Saxl, lying quietly with his burned arms buried in ice, in preparation for an intended amputation. After two days of calculations, his colleagues have not yet determined whether his dosage is lethal, but Saxl suspects the answer to the question himself. On the third night his white-corpse count drops dangerously. He talks incoherently. The following day his fiancée and family file in for farewells. To the end, top scientists, military men and even a Congressman carry on a bitter debate around the bed of the bomb's first peacetime victim. There is a lot of the martyr-toned, bogus moral-

* In 1946, Scientist Louis Slotin, 35, of Winnipeg, Canada, dropped a screw driver during a similar experiment, died after eight days. The book is dedicated to his memory and to that of "more than one hundred thousand others."

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Yes, it is true what we say about Dixie. And the years ahead hold the bright promise of still greater opportunities for industrial progress and growth for those who listen when we say ...

"**LOOK AHEAD—LOOK SOUTH!**"

Harry A. DeBoutte
President



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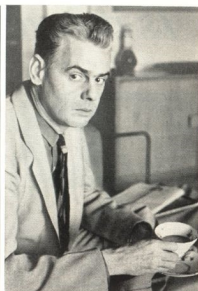
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Sy Friedman

NOVELIST MASTERS "What's the dose, Charley?"

izing now fashionable among scientists and their hero-worshippers. When Novelist Masters, a former science editor and nephew of Poet Edgar Lee Masters, suggests that postwar America "lost control" of the bomb in the same way that the scientist-hero let his experiment slip, he comes close to losing control of his story. He has, nevertheless, loaded the yarn with authentic inside-Los Alamos excitement and written the most technically knowing A-bomb novel to date.

THE BREAKING WAVE, by Nevil Shute (282 pp.; Morrow; \$3.50). Why did Jessie Proctor take a bottlefull of sleeping pills? The suicide of his parents' maid is a mystery that challenges Alan Duncan, just returned from Europe to manage the family's huge sheep ranch near Melbourne, Australia. Thanks to the dead girl's diary, Duncan's sleuthing takes him less than 24 hours, but an almost continuous flashback takes him over years of personal history, etched in the common memories of a whole generation of Britons who fought in World War II. Alan discovers that Jessie Proctor was an alias assumed by Janet Prentice, a World War II WREN in Navy Ordnance whom he had once met as his younger brother's sweetheart. As past becomes present in Alan's probings, the war gives Janet her first whiff of life, and then steadily chokes it out of her. Both the men Janet cares for—Alan's brother and her father—are killed. Just before D-day, Janet mans an ack-ack gun and lucklessly brings down a party of Czechs and Poles fleeing the Nazis in a German plane. After that, she is seized by a plausible, if not entirely convincing, urge for expiation. Despite its sad undertones, *The Breaking Wave* is a novel in which the characters chin up to life more often than they gloom up over the accidents of fate. A skilled storyteller, Shute makes his combat scenes exciting and his love-in-bloom scenes

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Today, these flying salesmen, who represent and sell products for 25 industrial manufacturers can reach any city in the territory in a few hours. They make their own schedules, get to customers faster when time means orders. As Dowdell says, "it isn't just the day-to-day job our Cessnas do. They're bringing us new business, too—helping us to grow."



(right). "Also, I've got to call on our branch offices. When I drove I'd show up tired, cranky," explains Dowdell. "Now, I step into the Cessna 170, get there relaxed, able to stir up enthusiasm!"

Makes You Feel Good!

The Company's Cessnas allow president Dowdell more time to talk business with his salesmen such as Nick Collins



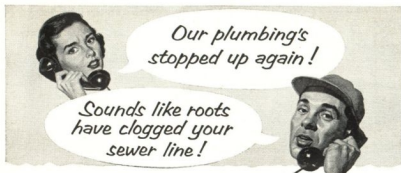
Means More Sales

"We can't pin-point the percentages yet but we definitely know business is up since we bought the airplanes," Dowdell says. Another plus: Cessnas are being used to fly salesmen to factories of companies they represent. "These trips help familiarize the boys with the products they sell," explains Dowdell. "It would be too costly to do this any other way."

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Transportation that's ready when you are is yours in the new, all-metal Cessna 170. Far away places are just a few hours away. In a single day, you can fly 960 miles round trip, have two hours working time at destination. The 1955 Cessna 170 cruises over 120 m.p.h., has greater range than other airplanes in the low-priced field. Only \$8,295! See your nearest Cessna dealer (listed in the yellow pages of your phone book) or for more information write CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., DEPT. TM-44, WICHITA, KANSAS.

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TIME

tender, peppers both with Hitchcocky suspense. In his 18th novel, Nevil Shute, one-time Royal Navy lieutenant-commander, proves again that he is one of the most expert countermen working literature's snack bar.

LAUGH TILL YOU CRY, by Wolf Mankowitz (127 pp.; Dutton; \$2.50), puts a shipwrecked English drummer on a tropical island and leaves him there when he makes the discovery that he never had it so good. When Ronald Rantz comes ashore, he takes with him his salesman's sample case. His stock in trade: exploding cigars, invisible itching powder, the usual assortment of smoking-car killers that are guaranteed to make you "Laugh Till You Cry." The island, a between-trade-routes speck somewhere near the Caribbean, looks like paradise, but the seemingly innocent natives soon prove to be suffering from human nature. They like private property and often marry for wealth or power rather than love. In their own primitive fashion, they are as firmly entrenched in the 20th century rat race as a Madison Avenue adman. No fool, Salesman Rantz sneaks the natives under with his bag of jokes—which terrify the islanders. He makes a laughingstock of the chief and moves into his job. By the native code losers in the grab for power are exiled to the other side of the island.

Salesman Rantz soon owns everything, but finds himself utterly alone. Even Kula, the native girl who had fallen into his arms like a ripe mango, walks out on him. By now, Rantz finds that he has outsmarted himself. In his loneliness he rediscovers that over-Donne island truth: no man is an island, intire of itself. In his new humility he goes to the other side, finds that the powerless, possessionless exiles are living life as it was before the fall. Everything belongs to everybody; greed, hate and fear are gone with the trade winds, and love is as free as coconuts. This is for Rantz. Joyously he explains his bag of tricks—which may or may not symbolize civilization. The natives realize that instead of being dread magic and tools of humiliation, the Rantz line is really for laughs. Versatile Novelist Mankowitz, a scriptwriter, playwright and dealer in Wedgwood, is too soft a man for tough satire, and lets his shrewd observations on the human condition melt into sugary fantasy. In the end *Laugh Till You Cry* falls flat somewhere between Walter Mitty and Dean Swift, but it is good for an hour of fun and an occasional reflection on the perverseness of civilized life.

"Don't Trust Your Friends"

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME (344 pp.)—N. M. Borodin—Macmillan (\$4.50).

MY NINE LIVES IN THE RED ARMY (308 pp.)—Mikhail Salaviev—McKay (\$3.75).

"Who is the next, Comrade Borodin, who is the next?" whispers the professor to his assistant at the scientific meeting at Rostov. Before the meeting ends, the professor himself is called out of the hall

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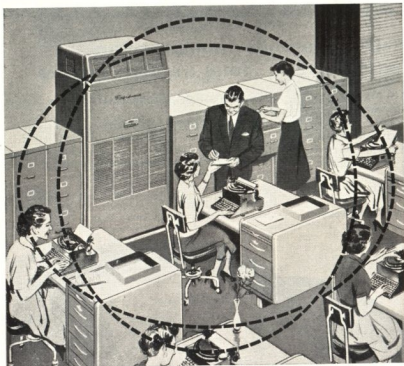
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and arrested by the secret police. A promising young colleague is torn from his career and family, charged with being a "wrecker." Another goes mad, paints himself with red ink in the laboratory courtyard, in the belief that it will make him immune from arrest. The author of *One Man in His Time*, who used to inform against his colleagues as a "duty," recounts the stories with relish. "Every new day," he recalls, "would bring something fresh, exciting, dangerous."

Both *One Man in His Time* and *My Nine Lives in the Red Army* are brutal autobiographies of ex-Communists which make few of the usual apologies for their authors' past. N. M. Borodin, who went over to the British when he finally found himself in a tight spot in 1948, was a Cosack scientist. Mikhail Soloviev, who in World War II became a leader of the resistance fighting both the Germans and

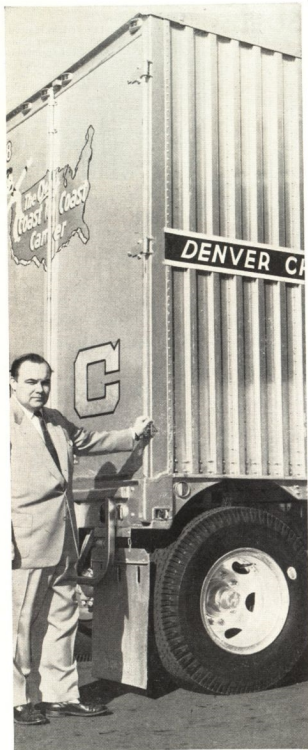


Mortha Holmes

AUTHOR SOLOVIEV
Minus six plus horror.

the Communists in White Russia, started out as a nimble-footed military journalist skilled in all the slippery tricks of Moscow intrigue. Their stories, nightmarish documentaries of Communist Russia's bureaucratic life, suggest what sort of animals survive best in that jungle.

From Baku to Brîncin. Out of the bloody civil war and the famine years that followed, Borodin emerged as a young "Red technician," a microbiologist trained in Novocheerkassk in the Caucasus. During the first Red famine, he had inadvertently eaten meat which turned out to be the fried flesh of murdered children. He had lectured in a church changed into a "Club of Godless Science" and learned that freedom is merely "perceived necessity." He was soon attracted to the secret police "as an interesting state institution." After the Chekists honored him with the title of "scientific consultant," he grew especially fond of a line from their song—"Do not trust your



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friends" (he thought then, "Is it not the wisdom of life itself?").

Borodin did a stint of work in Moscow, but seeing a prominent commissar throw himself under a passing bus helped Borodin decide that life in the south would be healthier than in the capital, and he went to Baku. Borodin might still be a Baku bureaucrat if, in 1945, the government had not summoned him to go overseas and study penicillin production. Shuttling back and forth between Russia, Britain and the U.S., Borodin forgot his resolution to stay clear of the Moscow meat grinder. His chief, Andrei Tretyakov, seemed to be on the skids.* Scientists in all fields were being purged. In London, Scientist Borodin was ordered to attend a lecture just to make sure that a fellow scientist read a paper about "rotten and decadent Western pseudo-science" exactly as it had been okayed. Suddenly Borodin balked and left the hall, pretending to be ill. Shortly afterward, in August 1948, acting from "instinctive self-preservation," Borodin renounced his Soviet citizenship and changed his name. According to his publishers, he now works in England in a job "where his scientific knowledge is in full use."

From Bukharin to Bulganan. Mikhail Soloviev, author of *My Nine Lives in the Red Army* and a novel called *When the Gods Are Silent* (TIME, Jan. 5, 1953), was once military correspondent for *Izvestia*, where he learned to find his way safely among the Red army's biggest monsters. He too can tell shocking stories about the secret police—about the porcine Chekist who ravaged a whole Cossack village but lost his own life when attacked by five cavalrymen after killing its last naked, crazed peasant; about the Communist who had the girl who jilted him arrested at her wedding reception, and permitted his most tigerish investigator to rape and shoot her.

After his old editor Bukharin was finally liquidated in the great 1938 Moscow show trial, Soloviev was sentenced to "minus six," i.e., he was forbidden to live in Russia's six largest cities. He appealed to Lenin's widow and, through her, to Malenkov, with no result. Eventually, Soloviev was drafted and sent to Finland. In World War II he was assigned to a special task force that pulled Russian forces out from behind the advancing German armies and reassembled them for combat. Soloviev himself was pulled out of the war when the Nazis captured him during their retreat of late 1942.

Tossing in short and sometimes amusing sketches of Soviet leaders, from mustachioed old Marshal Budenny to Bulganan and Khrushchev, Soloviev has written the liveliest book. But Borodin's roughly phrased and unrepentant witness is the more telling testimony to the horrors of Soviet life, not the least of which is that it destroys the victim's sense of horror.

* A premature judgment. Though his Ministry of Medical Industries was abolished, Tretyakov made a comeback as Health Minister, and lived to sign Stalin's death certificate. In March 1954 Tretyakov finally lost his Cabinet post.



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